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JULY 25, 1960

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New Ideas & New Millionaires

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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\$7.00 A YEAR

ISSN: 0020-7179

VOL. LXXVI NO. 4



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RENAULT DAUPHINE



LETTERS

The Campaign

Sir:
You begin your article "Is the Presidential Campaign Too Long?" with the following observation: "Every four years, in just about the length of time it takes to produce a baby hippopotamus, the U.S. brings forth a President."

I hope it is not a bad augury, but elephants breed less frequently than burros.

B. TARBUTT

Rio de Janeiro

Sir:
Lengthy presidential campaigns have important advantages. The resident becomes a responsible citizen; but primarily, it is best to have a good look before marrying.

CHARLES F. MORAN

Los Angeles

Sir:
My bills, H.J. Res. 547 and H.R. 9584 would restrict presidential campaigns to 60 days.

JOHN S. MONAGAN

Member of Congress

House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Sir:
As we approach the 1960 presidential election, I become more and more disturbed as I think of what may happen to the man who will be elected President this year. What disturbs me is the fact that every President elected in a year divisible by 20 beginning in 1840 has died in office:

1840 William Henry Harrison ... Died in office
1860 Abraham Lincoln ... Assassinated
1880 James A. Garfield ... Assassinated
1900 William McKinley ... Assassinated
1920 Warren G. Harding ... Died in office
1940 Franklin D. Roosevelt ... Died in office

J. C. HOUSE

Princeton, N.J.

Sir:
Regardless of political affiliation, every American should give long and sober thought as to how he is going to vote in the coming election.

In this century we have had three Democratic Presidents, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman, and each one of them has taken us into war. Three out of three is a mighty good batting average for a baseball player, but it is a mighty sorrowful average for Democratic Presidents. With such a record and with conditions in the world as they are, can we risk electing another Democrat? Foresight is better than hindsight.

F. L. STACK

Landing, N.J.

Sir:
Mr. Nixon has said that there is no chance that the Soviet economy will surpass that of the U.S. during this century. Small as the chance may be, it is obviously inaccurate to say that there is "no chance." The statement may have been intended merely as a placebo, regardless of truth, for the American public and thus as an aid to Mr. Nixon's political aspirations, or it may accurately represent his belief. In either case Mr. Nixon's election would be unwise, as the denial of such a threat can only serve to increase its magnitude.

DAVID J. NORTON

Urbana, Ill.

Sir:

If it weren't a campaign year, perhaps we wouldn't have to bear the shame of continued contumely heaped upon our country and its Government by some of our own people. What's wrong with us?

Not the U-2 accident—if accident it was. On the part of our committee of national defense, it would have been criminal negligence to have opposed the overflights.

Not the failure of the summit meeting; there never has been one that was a success.

Not our response to the murderous fury of Red China and its allies in their bitter resentment of our aid to the struggling free nations.

Only at home must we lose face. In the childish and vindictive words and behavior of men who should be our statesmen, we are still taunted regarding these things, all of which were borne with honor.

HELENA W. FREELAND

Honolulu

To Arm or Not to Arm

Sir:
E. B. White's thesis that we had better have all the panoply of arms, atomic and otherwise, rather than no arms at all is intriguing. Certainly if we were to awaken one morning to an unarmed world we'd probably have that walking-down-Hollywood-Boulevard-in-the-altogether feeling. However, Mr. White is, I think, oversimplifying. The very fact that we are in the atomic age defeats his argument. As more and more nations acquire the know-how and/or the weapons themselves, the logarithm of danger will increase. We cannot be sure even today that "some and lieutenant somewhere" will not out of ignorance or ennuï press the button of our finality.

DONALD C. SKONE-PALMER

North Hollywood, Calif.

Sir:

One of White's questions—but not the only one, as you implied—was: Will disarmament make the world safer? But the larger question he asked, as he has done before, was: Can we hope for peace without achieving "the vision of a federal union of free democratic capitalist states"? To this, as to the first question, his answer is: No.

H. WILEY HITCHCOCK

Ann Arbor, Mich.

As You Like It

Sir:

I can forgive you much (and your crimes are many) for your splendid piece on Shakespeare. Its phrasing is not unworthy of its subject; indeed, I think it probable that in some Elysium, Will is rolling your socks under his tongue.

G. R. STEVENS

Montreal, Que.

Sir:

In *Time*, July 4, there appear two of the finest paragraphs ever written about Shakespeare's consummate skill. Puns to the author or authors of the excellent exposition of Shakespeare's life, his England, his "rewriters," etc.

HARRY W. TAYLOR

Professor of English

Andrews University
Berrien Springs, Mich.

Sir:

My compliments upon the excellent feature article on Shakespeare. The illustrations, both black and white and colored, and the text are informative and exciting.

The author slipped on one quotation ("men must endure their going forth") should read "going hence") and misattributed the Restoration opinion of Elizabethan plays; it was John Evelyn [rather than Samuel Pepys] who made the notation in his diary after seeing a performance of *Hamlet*. But these are venial sins. His judgment about the three big festivals, about American acting, Baconianism and some other topics is sound and pitifully expressed.

JAMES G. MCMAW

Director

The Shakespeare Association of America
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

When you salute the three Stratfords for gaining "some of the fluidity of the Elizabethan theater," you overlook the fact that the Shakespearean Festival—in Ashland—insists that Elizabethan staging is necessary to achieve the full value of our stage. It is built on the known dimensions of the 1599 Fortune Theater of London. Because of it we can, and do, produce an uncut *Hamlet* (without interruption of any kind) in three hours.

We have been in successful production since 1935, earning the indisputable title "America's First Elizabethan Theater."

ROBERT B. REINHOLDT

President
Oregon Shakespearean Festival Association
Ashland, Ore.

Sir:

AFTER *Time*'s view down the nose at Stratford, Conn., one enthusiastic member of the Festival's audience thinks that Shakespeare was right when he said "And Time, that takes survey of all the world, must have a stop."

DAVID STRAND

Breckenridge, Minn.

Sir:

TIME on Shakespeare alone is worth a year's subscription. But please permit this comment: "He [Lear] utters his towering, 'I pray you undo this button.' No one," continues *Time*, "would have dared put those two lines together; no one but Shakespeare could."

St. Paul could write like that and did. In *1 Corinthians 15*, as shown before the 13th century Archbishop Stephen Langton put the Bible into chapters, St. Paul writes of the Resurrection. Then instantly, and seemingly without lifting his stylus from the parchment, he says, "Now concerning the collection . . ."

He, like Shakespeare, could transport us from heaven to earth "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye."

ELLYS JONES HOUGH, D.D.

St. Louis

¶ SAID *TIME*, in its April 18 cover on St. Paul: "To a remarkable degree Paul had the grace—especially needed by a missionary—to keep his heart in heaven and his feet firmly planted on the ground. In *1 Corinthians*, after his wise and tolerant sermon on the diversity of spiritual gifts, after his famed passage on love and a triumphant challenge to death ('Where is thy sting?'), he ends with a matter-of-fact 'Now concerning the collection . . .'"—Ed.

Fallout

Sir:

In your interesting article about me [July 4], there is one sentence that is clearly erroneous. It is the sentence, "Although the



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Love Letters to Rambler



Mr. R. H. Carter

Author-Canoeist as well as building contractor and farmer, Randolph H. Carter of Warrenton, Virginia, loves to explore the rugged back country with Rambler and canoe. His book: "Canoeing White Water." His car: a Rambler station wagon which he praises as the perfect car for canoeists and boatmen. His reasons:

"TAKES' ROUGH ROADS AND TRAILS WITHOUT A WHIMPER"

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See why hundreds of thousands are switching to the quality compact car. Only Rambler gives you Single-Unit construction and Deep-Dip rust-proofing. Get the best of both: big car room and comfort, small car economy and handling. Choose from 33 models. Go Rambler 6 or V-8.



Hear

Christ & WORLD AFFAIRS

"Is the law of the jungle to become the order of civilization?"

Dr. Oswald Hoffmann, Lutheran Hour Speaker, on

The LUTHERAN HOUR, Sunday, July 24
See local paper for time and station



one ... two ... three ... four ...

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genetic effect of [nuclear weapons] test fallout is still a wide-open scientific question, Pauling, backed by his prestige in genetics, nonetheless said without qualification that continuing the tests would lead to an increase in the number of seriously defective children that will be born in future generations."

In fact, there is no reputable geneticist who disagrees with my statement quoted above. I surmise that your writer has confused the genetic effect of small doses of high-energy radiation with the somatic effects, such as the effect of causing cancer, about which scientists are still uncertain.

LINUS PAULING

Pasadena, Calif.

Catholics & Contraceptives

Sir:

I am a Roman Catholic, embarrassed by the remarks attributed to Msgr. Irving A. De Blanc. The Church exhorts us to seek converts, and he suggests that we not even have those of other faiths in our homes! It is a ridiculous suggestion. I married a Protestant who is now a very devout Catholic.

Msgr. De Blanc's trouble is that he only sees those having marital difficulties. Only the free exchange of religious views, particularly where Catholics well-educated in their religion are concerned, can allay the religious intolerance that still exists in this country.

FLORENCE G. BRUNS

Frederick, Md.

Sir:

Msgr. De Blanc and others of the Roman hierarchy have placed themselves in an untenable position. He is indeed correct when he assumes that Catholics are using contraceptives and even requesting surgical procedures for sterilization. Many of my Catholic patients tell me that they think the Church is wrong in its teachings on birth control.

R. G. ALLEN, M.D.

Bartlesville, Okla.

Sir:

One emotional influence likely at work has not received the attention it deserves. Artificial contraception was, until a short time ago, almost universally regarded as reprehensible and unworthy of man.

I submit that historically and psychologically speaking, powerful unconscious guilt feelings probably remain in many, if not most, of those who are today practicing artificial birth control.

Couples who believe in all sincerity that they have a right—or even a duty—to prevent conception by mechanical means are still psychologically influenced by the deep and contrary convictions of their immediate forebears.

If the 20th century birth controller is plagued by subtle and emotional misgivings about the "rightness" of his stand, then this unconscious but very real guilt at least par-

tially explains some of the current defensive and noisy objections to the Catholic moral position.

(THE REV.) G. HAGMAIER, C.S.P.
Institute for Religion in Life
New York City

Sir:

Having been a so-called "good Catholic" all my life, I find that the majority of happy marriages among Catholics are those in which the couples either practice birth control (in one form or another) or find it very difficult to conceive anyway. Most of the avid advocates of the church's viewpoint are in the latter category, and I'm sick of it. There are many people—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish and what have you—who want a great many children, and for them that's fine, but my very happy marriage to a fine non-Catholic could easily be ruined by the church's viewpoint and my fertility.

MRS. CHARLES T. HOLROYD

Rumford, R.I.

Sir:

Thirteen years ago Msgr. De Blanc performed the marriage ceremony for my wife and myself. We were at that time of different faiths; he solidly prophesied that we'd never make it. It's true we aren't dead yet and won't know until we are but so far we've done fine and have two children, spaced right, and they will be our family since we believe in birth control. Msgr. De Blanc ties a good knot. As a prophet and a psychiatrist, he falls flat on his face.

JOHN B. THOMPSON

Baton Rouge, La.

Unique Satisfaction

Sir:

I hope this note comes late enough after the review [May 16] and Best Reading listing [June 13] of my novel, *Venetian Red*, to make it unconventional.

I came to this country the first time as a student from Italy shortly after the war, and I have been reading TIME book reviewing ever since, whenever possible. During the war in the countries where I was, it happened very belatedly and only occasionally, hence more impressively. And especially of late, beyond the peculiarities, the imagery, the style puzzle, the puns, all things for which I always envy the editor—playing that instrument must be delightful—I feel that there is in the Books section a hard core, indeed the presence of almost stern literary standards.

I shall never forget when I finally read the review in Martindale's bookstore; I really wish to thank you for that moment.

Listening to the particular, faint sound of the instrument is always enjoyable; hearing it applied in convincingly positive terms to one's own work is a unique satisfaction.

P. M. PASINETTI

Beverly Hills, Calif.

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Just how far should government go in competing with its own citizens?

Today the government runs some 19,000 commercial and industrial enterprises in its civilian branches alone!

Many thoughtful people are surprised to learn that the U. S. government actively competes with thousands of independent businesses, large and small.

"Why?" they ask. And it is a good question.

A legacy of war

The idea of government-in-business got its big boost back in World War I. However, it has been kept rolling, and even accelerated, in times of peace.

Today no one can estimate the total cost, in terms of tax dollars, of government-in-business. But figures are available for one of government's largest enterprises—the federal electric power "business."

To date, this federal "public power" has cost the taxpayers more than \$5,000,000,000. And its promoters propose \$10,000,000,000 more—much of which would likely come from the taxpayers.

Is more federal power spending necessary?

To maintain an abundant supply of low-price power, it is unnecessary for the government to expand farther into the electric power business. America's rapidly growing need for electricity can be amply met by the more than 300 independent electric companies.

The question of government power expansion lies with you and other citizens (8 out of 10 don't yet realize they are being taxed for this purpose).

If the trend toward more "public power" continues, the people of your community will have to ante up more money—money that you might prefer to see spent locally on schools, libraries, hospitals, parks and other essentials. If you'd like to know more of the facts and implications of "public power" spending, mail the coupon for the new free booklet, "What Do Federal Power Ventures Cost Your Community?"

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Bernard M. Auer

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1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

GENERAL MANAGER

Frederick S. Galb

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

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JULY 11



JULY 18

IN the quiet of a rambling house in Hyannisport, Mass., one evening last week, two young women lounged before a TV set watching history in process in Los Angeles. Periodically, the hostess daubed away at a painting, and once the two got into a thoughtful discussion about the exact shade of Dufy blue. It was, in all, a pleasant evening for Hostess Jacqueline Kennedy, wife of the Democratic presidential nominee, and TIME Correspondent Anne Chamberlin.

Washington Correspondent Chamberlain's assignment was just one part of a vast tapestry of intensive reporting by TIME's staff in the rush of political events of the past few weeks—reporting that contributed to the cover stories on Jack Kennedy and his family (July 11) and Lyndon Johnson (July 18) in the two issues that preceded their nomination, and followed through for this week's report-in-depth on the nominating convention. Thirty staffers, headquartered in the temporary TIME offices at the Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles' Biltmore Hotel, fanned out through corridors, caucuses, convention floor locations and delegation suites to piece together the far-flung elements of a historic week in U.S. political history. They filed more than 135,000 words on the big news of the week (much of it transmitted via

new Dataphone system, which sends at the rate of 800 words per minute) and helped to produce four pages of fast color pictures that include a view of the big moment when Nominee Kennedy appeared before the convention.

In this week's cover story on Sherman Fairchild's interests and other growth companies, TIME revisits some old friends. As early as 1936, we reported on a young inventor named Edwin H. Land and his polarized lens; in 1947 we noted the advent of Polaroid's remarkable 60-second camera before it was marketed. A \$35 investment in Polaroid that year would now have grown to \$862. Texas Instruments, now selling at 21 1/4, was the subject of an April 1957 story when it sold at about 20. A June 1954 story on Ampex pointed out that the boom in pre-recorded tape was made possible by the company. Five dollars invested in a single share of Ampex in 1954 would now be worth \$186. Similar stories have examined such rapid risers as Litton Industries (September 1958), Brunswick Corp. (September 1959), and a host of other growth companies.

In its business reporting, TIME is ever interested in spotting new and growing companies that have a promising future and can thus contribute to the growth of the nation.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Vol. LXXVI No. 4

July 25, 1960

NATIONAL AFFAIRS



THE NATION

Cold War Goes On

The U.S.'s attention was focused on the Democratic Convention in Los Angeles, the Administration was feeling the numbness of its approaching end, and the President was taking a long vacation in Newport, R.I.—in short, it was a good week for Nikita Khrushchev to stir up as much trouble as he could. He hurled at the U.S. a series of accusations, insults, threats and challenges that in an earlier day, when weapons were less destructive and threats more lethal, might have been enough to set off a war. In rapid succession, Khrushchev:

❑ Declared that a U.S. RB-47E reconnaissance plane had been shot down over Soviet territorial waters and accused the U.S. of "provoking a serious military conflict" by sending the plane on its mission. Khrushchev failed in his attempt to make the U.S. seem reckless and belligerent in the eyes of the world, but by shooting down the plane the Russians did achieve at least a temporary cessation of U.S. reconnaissance flights off Russia's Arctic coast (see FOREIGN NEWS).

❑ Warned the West to keep "hands off the Republic of the Congo." What the U.S. had done to provoke this outburst was steer through the United Nations

Security Council a resolution to send to the Congo—at the urgent request of the Congolese government—a U.N. police force to help restore order; the U.S. also planned to send plane-loads of food for both Congolese and terrified Belgians (see FOREIGN NEWS).

❑ Attacked the Monroe Doctrine as an anachronism that had "outlived its time." Here Khrushchev overreached himself, brought on a surge of solidarity between the U.S. and Latin America (see THE HEMISPHERE).

Together, the three outbursts pointed up the fact that, amid the U.S.'s political suspense, the cold war goes on. Whatever the outcome of the November elections, the new President who takes over from Dwight Eisenhower will have to face up to that fact. The last years of the Eisenhower Administration have been shadowed by the illusion that, despite the oft-repeated Communist intention to dominate the world, the U.S. could end the cold war and achieve "peace" through some kind of "settlement" or painstakingly sought "relaxation of tensions." The first and most urgent task of the new Administration, Republican or Democratic, will be to set aside these notions and build defense and foreign policies designed not to settle the cold war but to win it.

POLITICS

The Coming Battle

The Republican Convention in Chicago next week will doubtless seem quiet, plodding and highly predictable in comparison with last week's Democratic show in Los Angeles. But lurking beneath the calm will be a worrisome awareness that the G.O.P.'s ticket will have to face tough and formidable Democratic opposition.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy and his crew proved at Los Angeles that they are a political team worthy of respect. Despite Lyndon Johnson's belated drive, despite the hoisterous demonstrations for Adlai Stevenson, the efficient, machinelike Kennedy team had the nomination won before the first gavel bang. Heralding the advent of a new political breed—youthful, polished, businesslike technicians with culture and wit, the Kennedy men made the convention oratory seem superfluous and the floor demonstrations archaic.

Shattered Hopes. A cool political technician like Richard Nixon could appreciate the cool engineering that brought Jack Kennedy his victory. Kennedy painstakingly gathered Midwestern Democratic politicians into his camp, used their convention votes to capture the nomination. The prize won, he turned his back



DEMOCRATIC BRASS ON ACCEPTANCE NIGHT

Bowing to a youngish, polished, businesslike crew with degrees in political engineering.

Associated Press



NOMINEES KENNEDY & JOHNSON AT LOS ANGELES COLISEUM ACCEPTANCE CEREMONY
Building on a power base of New England, the South and political technique.

on the Midwesterners, shattering their hopes that one of their own would be the vice-presidential nominee.

To please the party's liberals, most of them Stevensons at heart, Kennedy saw to it that the party platform, largely the handiwork of Kennedy Man Chester Bowles, was a far-out liberal manifesto containing a tough civil rights plank that enraged the South. Then, ditching the liberals, Kennedy tried to placate the Southerners and give his ticket a conservative aura by picking Texas' Lyndon Johnson as his running mate.

Off the Hook. Johnson's unexpected presence on the Kennedy-Democratic ticket upset a basic assumption of Nixon's campaign strategy. To offset advantages that Kennedy's New England origin and Roman Catholicism will give him in the East, Nixon had hoped to win a clutch of electoral votes in the South, capturing at least the four states—Florida, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia—that Dwight Eisenhower carried in both 1952 and 1956. By dimming Nixon's prospects in the South, the Kennedy-Johnson ticket confronted him with a tough problem in electoral-vote arithmetic. Even if Nixon can overcome farmer discontent and carry the farm belt, he cannot win the election unless he can also beat Kennedy in some of the big industrial states east of the Mississippi. To do that despite the Catholic bloc voting for Kennedy that showed up in primaries, Nixon will have to 1) appeal to Negroes and 2) wring a lot of votes out of his chief vote-getting advantage over Kennedy: greater foreign policy background.

Nixon had been considering G.O.P. National Chairman Thruston B. Morton, U.S. Senator from Kentucky, as the vice-presidential prospect most likely to help the ticket in the Border States and the South. But when Johnson joined up with Kennedy, Morton's appeal in the South lost much of its value. Morton does not want the vice-presidential nomination anyway, was relieved when he heard the Johnson news on TV. "We're off the hook!" he yelled to his wife.

There was new Republican talk of getting New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller to run with Nixon. But Rocky stiffly announced that he had turned down a chance to second Nixon's nomination, and

that he would not consider the vice-presidential nomination even if it were offered by Ike.

Profit & Loss. Nixon's running mate will probably be husky, handsome Henry Cabot Lodge, U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations and widely known because of his televised battles with Soviet U.N. delegates. A New England patrician (*TIME* cover, Aug. 11, 1958), Lodge would have little farm-belt appeal, but he would add plenty of foreign policy luster to the ticket if the election fell in a time of international crisis.

So evenly matched are the nominees, so skilled in political engineering, so equal in oratorical dueling (Kennedy has decided to make plenty of TV appearances on the simple theory that he is better looking than Nixon), that the election may well be won or lost on the basis of events. Kennedy would gain an edge if the nation slipped into recession before November. Likewise he would gain if the Administration ran into medium-grade foreign policy troubles, e.g., neutralization of any current ally. Nixon stands to gain from any sharp increase in tension, e.g., a new Communist thrust, a step-up of Khrushchev's screeching threats, that prompts a demand for experience in office.

THE CONVENTION To the New Frontier

All the while his erstwhile rivals were telling the 70,000 people in the Los Angeles Coliseum what a great guy he was, Jack Kennedy fidgeted in his chair, nervously fingered his lips and ears, chatted with his neighbor, or worked at scraping a wad of gum off his right shoe. When the time came to accept the Democratic presidential nomination, he graciously saluted the vanquished one by one—Running Mate Lyndon Johnson, Adlai Stevenson, Stuart Symington, Hubert Humphrey, also scrappy Paul Butler, retiring chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and the absent Harry Truman. Then Jack Kennedy plunged into his speech, proved with considerable eloquence that he had three things uppermost in his mind: his religion, his opponent, and a call for American greatness through sacrifice.

Pressure v. Performance. Nobody had said much about his Roman Catholicism since the West Virginia primary, but Kennedy wanted to thank the Democratic Party for taking, along with him, "what many regard as a new and hazardous risk . . . The Democratic Party has once again placed its confidence in the American peo-



REPUBLICANS NIXON & LODGE
Counting on experience in foreign policy.

Associated Press

ple, and in their ability to render a free and fair judgment," said he. "And you have, at the same time, placed your confidence in me, and in my ability to render a free, fair judgment, to uphold the Constitution and my oath of office, to reject any kind of religious pressure or obligation that might directly or indirectly interfere with my conduct of the presidency in the national interest."

As for how he would perform in office: "My record of 14 years in supporting public education, supporting complete separation of church and state and resisting pressure from sources of any kind should be clear by now to everyone. I hope that no American, considering the really critical issues facing this country,

to offer to the American people, but what I intend to ask of them. It holds out the promise of more sacrifice instead of more security."

What challenges did Kennedy offer? What sacrifices would he ask? How, if elected, would he stir the nation to explore and overcome the "uncharted areas of science and space, unsolved problems of peace and war, unconquered pockets of ignorance and prejudice?" He did not specify—beyond saying that "my promises are in the platform that you have adopted"—and presumably the specification would be the stuff of three months' campaigning.* But his generalized peroration had a fine brink-of-doom ring. The choice, said he, "lies not merely between

for all," he said to mild applause. "We know that it will not be easy to campaign against a man who has spoken and voted on every side of every issue. Mr. Nixon may feel it is his turn now, after the New Deal and the Fair Deal—but before he deals, someone is going to cut the cards."

"Millions of Americans who voted for President Eisenhower [may] balk at electing his successor. For, just as historians tell us that Richard I was not fit to fill the shoes of the bold Henry II, and that Richard Cromwell was not fit to wear the mantle of his uncle, they might add in future years that Richard Nixon did not measure up to the footsteps of Dwight D. Eisenhower."

"Perhaps he could carry on the party policies—the policies of Nixon and Benson and Dirksen and Goldwater. But this nation cannot afford such a luxury. Perhaps we could afford a Coolidge following Harding. And perhaps we could afford a Pierce following Fillmore. But after Buchanan this nation needed Lincoln; after Taft we needed a Wilson; and after Hoover we needed Franklin Roosevelt."

Without saying where this put him, Kennedy riffled back again through history for Nixon's benefit. "The Republican nominee, of course, is a young man. But his approach is as old as McKinley. His party is the party of the past—the party of memory. His speeches are generalities from *Poor Richard's Almanac* . . ."

Part of the reason that Kennedy's daisy cutter misfired was that he and Nixon are known to have a genuine, longstanding respect for each other—both are ex-naval officers, both members of the freshman congressional class of 1947, both together on such sturdy mid-20th century issues as civil rights, labor reform, foreign aid, etc. Moreover, Kennedy's running mate, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, has frequently told friends of his private respect and admiration for Nixon. But principally the Nixon attack misfired because Jack Kennedy's campaign had seemed to show promise of something vastly better.

The Organization Nominee

Armed with the Kennedy smile and the Kennedy confidence, the hopeful nominee made his businesslike way to Los Angeles. Surrounded by his vast company of experts and workers, and by Brothers Bobby and Ted, Jack Kennedy was ready to pluck the fruit of seeds he had nourished so well over the months. In his pocket, secured, checked and double-checked like an audit of the U.S. Treasury, was his packet of certain votes so persistently gathered around the nation. And yet, with all the smell of victory in the air, the Kennedys were allowing for mischance, miscalculation—the sudden outbreak of an emotional riot, perhaps, that might start delegates stampeding in the wrong direction.

Adlai Stevenson had come to town, too, and from the evident Southern California passion for Stevenson or from the scattered pockets of Northern resistance could



MRS. JOSEPH P. KENNEDY & SON

Associated Press

To reject any kind of religious pressure or obligation that might interfere."

will waste his franchise and throw away his vote by voting either for me or against me solely on account of my religious affiliation.* It is not relevant."

Sacrifice & Security. His reference to Dwight Eisenhower as a "President who began his career by going to Korea and ends it by staying away from Japan" and his labored attack on Vice President Richard Nixon (see following story) seemed out of keeping with his general tone. They also muffled the message that apparently would serve as his major theme through the campaign: the U.S. must recognize and conquer the "New Frontier."

He called it "the frontier of the 1960s, the frontier of unknown opportunities and perils, the frontier of unfulfilled hopes and unfulfilled threats." The New Frontier "is not a set of promises; it is a set of challenges. It sums up not what I intend

two men or two parties, but between the public interest and private comfort, between national greatness and national decline, between the fresh air of progress and the stale, dank atmosphere of 'normalcy,' between dedication or mediocrity. All mankind waits upon our decision."

To the Same Old Stand

By rights, no law of politics forbade the Democratic presidential nominee from attacking the Republican nominee—presumptive in his acceptance speech. But when Jack Kennedy took time out for a personal attack on Dick Nixon, his campaign fell back notably from the new frontier to the same old stand.

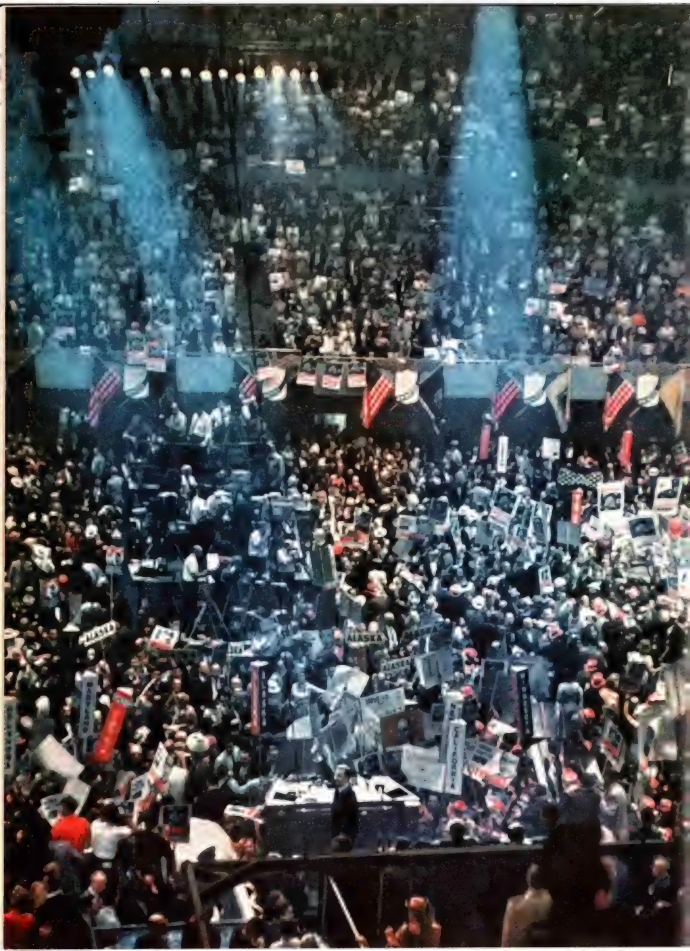
"We know that our opponents will invoke the name of Abraham Lincoln on behalf of their candidate—despite the fact that his political career has often seemed to show charity toward none and malice

* Said Al Smith in Oklahoma City in 1928: "I here emphatically declare that I do not wish any member of my faith . . . to vote for me on any religious grounds . . . By the same token, I cannot refrain from saying that any person who votes against me simply because of my religion is not, to my way of thinking, a good citizen."

* At a press conference next day, Kennedy rebuffed newsmen's attempts to have him list the "sacrifices" or to detail his farm or foreign policies, though he did say that he opposes the admission of "extremely belligerent, extremely belligerent" Red China to the United Nations, or its recognition by the U.S.



AFTER SWEEP TO VICTORY, PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE JOHN KENNEDY SPEAKS TO CHEERING CONVENTION.





IN DETERMINED PRE-BALLOT POLITICKING, MRS. STUART SYMINGTON BEATS DRUM FOR HER HUSBAND.
 IN PRE-BALLOT "DEBATE," LYNDON JOHNSON SPEAKS WHILE JOHN AND ROBERT KENNEDY DISCUSS REBUTTAL.



← STEVENSON SUPPORTERS IN GALLERIES AND ON FLOOR
 STAGE THE CONVENTION'S WILDEST DEMONSTRATION.



ADLAI STEVENSON AND PAUL BUTLER SHARE THOUGHTFUL MOMENT AT OPULENT DEMOCRATIC DINNER.

come a derailment of Kennedy plans. More dangerous still was the image of Texas' come-lately Lyndon Baines Johnson, bolstered by his prestige as a consistent miracle worker in the Senate, confident of a solid block of Southern votes—a block second only to Jack's. Jack's prize was not yet in the bag.

Time to Nap? Kennedy got moving like a honeybee in the spring. He patrolled the reaches of Los Angeles in a white Cadillac, invading caucus after caucus, he made his plea for support, fitting each ad-lib speech to the mood of the moment or the region. Farmers need help, he told Iowans; the West's natural resources need development, he warned Coloradans. On and on he pushed relentlessly, coolly gathering applause, staying off trouble from the opposition. Between caucuses, he held court with a parade of politicians in his Biltmore suite (Apartment Q), or checked new lists and new threats. Going into a meeting with New Yorkers, he bumped into a jovial but tense Lyndon Johnson. "Why don't you take a nap?" kidded Lyndon. "I've got that one all sewed up."

Kennedy showed impressive muscle in his first big key play with the Pennsylvania delegation (81 votes). For months Governor David Leo Lawrence, one of the nation's strongest Democratic bosses, had been a holdout against Kennedy for fear that a Roman Catholic presidential nominee might hurt the party in militantly Protestant rural regions. Lawrence and his Pennsylvanians invited Kennedy and the opposition to a breakfast at Pasadena's Huntington-Sheraton Hotel. Stu Symington, forceful and yet somehow dim as a waning flashlight, got a good hand for his promise to attack Richard Nixon on domestic policies and Eisenhower on foreign relations. Johnson promised responsible leadership and then, almost with a note of resignation, offered to back the winner whoever he might be. Jack Kennedy pounced on the U.S.'s dwindling prestige, promised to campaign in Pennsylvania if nominated and "make this election the most significant in 25 years." When they had finished, Dave Lawrence led the biggest question-mark delegation in the nation into caucus, told them that he was for Jack Kennedy. Sixty-four delegates fell into orderly ranks behind him.

Just when it appeared that Kennedy had votes to burn, the first Stevenson fire started. The alarm came from the Minnesota delegation. Following a moving speech by Adlai Stevenson, Hubert Humphrey flipped from Kennedy to Adlai; Junior Senator Eugene McCarthy was more than ever madly for Adlai; and Governor Orville Freeman, fresh from a vice-presidential tour of Kennedy's Apartment Q, had a raging Kennedy fever.

Shaky Knees. Next day, the Kennedys' one big miscalculation handed Johnson the big chance. As a routine matter, the Kennedy campaign had sent off a batch of wires to delegations, requesting an audience for Jack. Johnson replied

with a telegram suggesting a joint caucus of the Texas and Massachusetts delegations and a debate on major issues. Kennedy declined to mix the two and assumed that the debate was off, but Lyndon and his boys, as well as a regiment of newsmen and TV contingents, crowded into the Biltmore's ballroom for what was now billed as something like the Lincoln-Douglas debates. While the crowd waited and Lyndon orated, Jack sat tight in his room. At last South Carolina's Governor Fritz Hollings phoned. "You're going down to that debate, aren't you?" he asked. No, said Jack. "You'd better do it," drawled Hollings. "I'm watching that man on TV and he'll ruin you if you don't." Jack went.

As he rose to address the Texans, Kennedy's trembling legs made his trousers flutter, and sweat beaded his upper lip. "I shall continue to vote for Senator Johnson as President, if he's nominated, or as majority leader," he said. Against Kennedy's conciliatory remarks, Lyndon launched into a barrage of sarcasm, and without mentioning Jack's name, bitterly attacked Kennedy's voting record and his Senate absenteeism. Then: "I think, Jack, we Protestants proved in West Virginia that we'll vote for a Catholic. What we want is some of the Catholic states to prove that they'll vote for a Protestant."

The Johnson-loaded room hooted and cheered with each sharp shaft, while Kennedy sat expressionless on the dais. When Johnson concluded, Jack popped up with a light back-pat from Brother Bobby. He somewhat neutralized the attack with a few sophisticated snap sentences. "We survived," he said, laughing apprehensively. Johnson had scored some points, but Kennedy had the votes.

Confidence & Soufflés. Survival still required action, and by day Jack Kennedy kept moving in on sector after sector, taking hill after hill. Wherever he went he shook every outstretched hand, autographed every paper in sight, all the while pursued by a straggle of perspiring, panting reporters and photographers who, on one occasion, even swarmed behind him into the men's room. In the evenings, while the convention droned on at the Sports Arena, Jack dodged his chaperons of the press and drove secretly to the Beverly Hills home of former Film Queen Marion Davies to dine and confer with his father, Joe Kennedy, an unseen but eagerly interested witness at the convention. To avoid the mobs, Jack shifted from the Biltmore to a not-so-secret hideaway in the penthouse of a rose-colored apartment building (which is shaped like a ship and named "The Mauritania"). To make his secret nightly journeys to see his father, Jack had to scramble down a fire escape, leap over a wall behind the building. "I'm so tired," he said to his brother-in-law Steve Smith. "I wonder if I'm exceeding the basic confidence."

He was. As Wednesday rolled around and the delegates poured into the arena for the nominations and the balloting, the Kennedy steamroller had flattened the



Howard Sochurek—LIT
BOBBY & NEW YORK BOSSES



Jim Mahon
WITH PENNSYLVANIA'S LAWRENCE (RIGHT)



Philip Benett
WITH CHICAGO'S DAILY



Jim Mahon
WITH MICHIGAN'S WILLIAMS
Even his father was impressed.

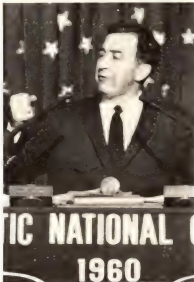
last visible rise of significant opposition; Johnson's drive was stalled, Stevenson's exquisite moment in Minnesota expired like a tired soufflé. Even Adlai's surprise appearance in the hall on the night before, exploiting the passions of the loving crowds in the galleries, had excited no rush to the Adlaian altar.

"We're in." Yet the Stevenson challenge was not altogether dead. To the rostrum came Minnesota's Gene McCarthy to make the most impassioned speech of the whole convention—in Stevenson's behalf. "Do not turn away from this man," he pleaded. "He spoke to the people. He moved their minds and stirred their hearts. . . . Do not leave this prophet without honor in his own party. Do not reject this man." With that, the hall exploded into the fiercest demonstration of the week. From his command post, Bobby Kennedy set out to snuff out Stevenson flickers in wavering delegations. But it did not take long to discover that the delegates themselves were largely unmoved, and that the Stevenson revival was largely a mirage. Bobby phoned Jack. "It's O.K.," he said. "We're in."

The roll call told the story. As each delegation registered its declaration, Bobby Kennedy examined his lists. When Vermont was casting its vote, Bobby had already concluded that Wyoming's vote could put Jack over the top on the first ballot—without switches. Ted Kennedy edged down the crowded aisles and joined the Wyoming delegation. There, Delegate Dale Richardson penciled the tally, looked up and grinned. Rising, he shuffled excitedly down the rows of his group, shouting "Let's go! Let's go!" Though the delegation had decided to split their vote among Kennedy, Johnson and Symington, one after another yelled, "O.K.!" and waved their arms in assent. Moments later the clerk called "WYOMING!" and Delegation Chairman Tracy McCracken, his white hair glistening in the spotlight, cried: "Wyoming's vote will make a majority for Senator Kennedy!" And through the thunderous tumult came Missouri's move to declare the nomination by acclamation (final roll-call tally: Kennedy, 806; Johnson, 409; Symington, 86; Stevenson, 79).

Hospitality & Restraint. By the time it was all over, Lyndon Johnson, who had been watching his TV set with glum resignation, was dressed in gaudy Paisley pajamas and ready for bed. Jack Kennedy was calmly accepting congratulations in his hideout and putting through a phone call to his wife on Cape Cod. At first, he planned to stay away from the wild mobs at the arena, but Bobby advised him to make the trip, and Jack sped off at 60 m.p.h.

In the Kennedy "hospitality house," outside the arena, the brothers met with restrained congratulations. The only sign of emotion came from Bobby, who pounded his right fist triumphantly into the palm of his left hand. A few minutes later the weary candidate walked into the roaring arena, flanked by his beaming mother and sister Pat Lawford. And back at Marion



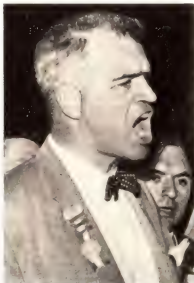
McCarthy for Adlai
The best speech.

Davies' Beverly Hills home, old Joe Kennedy picked up the phone. It was Bobby. Cried the head of the Kennedy clan to his second son: "It's the best organization job I've ever seen in politics."

My Fair Lyndon

Jack Kennedy's choice of Lyndon Johnson as his vice-presidential candidate showed with brilliant clarity his ability to manipulate men and his commander's talent in using one kind of strategy and set of arguments to win the nomination—and another to win the election.

To win the nomination, he had courted Midwestern and Western Governors and Senators, dangling the vice-presidency, Cabinet jobs and key convention posts



Williams Against Johnson
The loudest noy.

before favorite sons' eyes. But the November election called for a firm alliance with the Solid South to balance Kennedy strength in Roman Catholic industrial centers—and to save Kennedy from Al Smith's loss of seven Southern states in 1928. So with adding-machine abruptness, the Midwestern and Western romances were broken off.

Go, Go, Go! At one point while going for the nomination, the Kennedys badly wanted the votes of Washington, whose Governor, Albert Rosellini, a Roman Catholic, was cool. So they pitched vice-presidential woo to Washington's Senator Henry M. ("Scoop") Jackson, a Presbyterian. "Scoop is my personal choice, and Jack likes Scoop," said Bobby to a Jackson aide. "You've got to give us some pegs to hang our hats on. Go, go, go! Scoop and his team went, went, went, talking up his vice-presidential prospects until to be anti-Kennedy in the Washington delegation was akin to being reasonably anti-Scoop.

Iowa's Governor Herschel Loveless and Kansas' Governor George Docking trod the garden path to Jack's suite at the Biltmore, ready to ditch their own favorite-son commitments in time to throw their delegates onto the Kennedy train. But Loveless had heard rumors that Minnesota's Orville Freeman might be the chosen one, and suggested that the whole vice-presidential business be dropped so he could concentrate on running for the U.S. Senate. Jack Kennedy advised Loveless, who is 49, to keep himself in readiness. "It has to be a Midwesterner. Herschel," said Jack. "Just remember. Orv is younger [42] than you." Loveless left the room feeling ten feet tall.

Orv Freeman himself practically tore the Minnesota delegation apart to go for Kennedy—and seriously endangered his own prospects for re-election this fall. After their meeting, Kennedy told the press with a smile: "Governor Freeman will be in the front line of those considered. Too young? I don't think youth is a calamity. We're all going to get over it."

All the while, the forces of Missouri's Stu Symington were being tempted to abandon the presidential race by well-floated rumors of Stu's potential vice-presidential strength. Though Symington himself held fast, Missouri's Governor Jim Blair set the stage for Stu by grabbing the microphone after the presidential balloting and moving for a Kennedy nomination by acclamation. Ohio's Governor Mike Di Salle, a Kennedy-before-Wisconsin man, urged Symington. So did Chicago's Mayor Dick Daley, Illinois Democratic boss, who had delivered most of Illinois' 69 votes for Kennedy. So did Michigan's "Soapy" Williams.

The Pitch. But Jack Kennedy had other ideas. Early in convention week, and again later on, Washington Post Publisher Phil Graham—a close friend of Lyndon Johnson's and one of the capital's most influential men—told Jack that Lyndon might accept the vice-presidential post despite general impressions to the contrary. On the morning after his nomi-

nation. Jack made his tentative decision. "I'm going to see Lyndon," he told Brother Bobby. "I think we ought to offer it to him, but I don't think he'll accept."

From his ninth-floor suite at the Biltmore, Kennedy phoned two floors below to the Johnson suite. Lyndon was asleep, but Lady Bird Johnson woke him. They agreed to meet in Lyndon's room, where Kennedy made his offer. Then Kennedy returned to the ninth floor and huddled with party big shots—Dick Daley, Soapy Williams, New York's Mayor Bob Wag-

ner, Tammany's Carmine De Sapio, Pennsylvania's Dave Lawrence and Bill Green, Connecticut's Governor (and Kennedy strategist) Abe Ribicoff, A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Walter Reuther. Liberals such as Reuther and Williams were dead set against Johnson, argued hard for Symington. But most of the others, notably Dave Lawrence, were willing to go along with Kennedy.

Jack at length called Lyndon and told him: "I'd like to have you." Johnson accepted, but he said frankly that he did not want the job, did not like the idea of

"trading a vote for a gavel." He warned that the ticket could hurt Kennedy with Northern liberals, but he assured Kennedy that he was a team player. "I know there is only one boss. That's you. I'll take orders and do exactly what you want." During the next four hours, the Northern liberals indeed began raging with indignation, and Bobby Kennedy had to flip up and down between the ninth and seventh floors like a Yo-Yo, clearing points with Jack and Lyndon, advising Lyndon of still newer opposition

THE YOUNG PROS

The Democratic old pros looked back in wonder last week to try to figure how Jack Kennedy did it. Chief reason was the band of young pros around him. Key men among them:

Robert Francis Kennedy, 34. Hard-driving Bobby graduated from Harvard ('48), played varsity end, dallied briefly with journalism as Palestine war correspondent for the Boston Post before entering the University of Virginia law school ('51). He managed Jack's Senate campaign in 1952, then joined Senator Joe McCarthy's investigations subcommittee and feuded constantly with equally quick-tempered Chief Counsel Roy Cohn. Appointed counsel of the Senate rackets committee in 1957, he flayed Teamster hoods and faced down Jimmy Hoffa, added color to Brother Jack's campaign as a cocky crusader and bestselling author (*The Enemy Within*). Father of seven, he got home to his wooded northern Virginia estate infrequently during far-flung primary battles, plans to be back in action this week as Jack's campaign manager after a three-day post-convention break.

Edward Moore Kennedy, 28. "Teddy" is the youngest of the Kennedy boys, is a strapping (6 ft. 2 in., 200 lbs.) athlete who followed the family path to Harvard ('54), handled the familiar end slot on the football team, passed lackadaisically through the University of Virginia law school before taking up Jack's cause. A tousle-haired, outgoing Ivy Leaguer, Teddy has more warmth than Jack, more humor than Bobby, and a rapidly maturing political skill. During his Army hitch in Germany in 1952, he assiduously rounded up votes for Jack ("We had nine absentee votes in camp; I like to think we got all of them"). While still in law school, he stumped Massachusetts for Jack in 1958, gained experience for his role in pre-convention strategy—corralling delegates in the Rocky Mountain states. A licensed pilot, Teddy hedgehopped into remote areas, helped swing Arizona and crack Johnson's solid front in New Mexico. Sensing a saturation of Kennedys in the East, he plans eventually to move to the West with his wife (the former Joan Bennett of Bronxville, N.Y.) and infant daughter, and probably enter politics. Says Brother Bobby: "Teddy is really outstanding. He's going to be something."

SORENSEN

Theodore Chaikin Sorensen, 32. A farm-belt Unitarian and soft-spoken intellectual, Ted Sorensen was introduced to his first political audience at the age of six as the son of Nebraska's Republican attorney general. First in his class at the University of Nebraska law school, he worked for the Federal Security Agency in Washington, joined the staff of freshman Senator Kennedy in 1953. They found keen enjoyment in a common intellectual approach to politics, collaborated on Kennedy's *Profiles in Courage*. To-

gether, they traveled through every state from 1956 to 1960, compiled a detailed, 30,000-name list of top Democrats. Frayed by a 72-hour week as speechwriter, key advance man and political seismograph, Sorensen last year carved up his duties among other staff members, now serves as chief lieutenant, and defers more to Bobby.

Lawrence F. O'Brien, 43. A crew-cut Springfield, Mass. advertiser and p.r. man, Larry O'Brien joined Kennedy in 1951, is the team's top organizer. One-time aide to Massachusetts' Governor Foster Furcolo, O'Brien applied ideas tested in Kennedy's 1952 and 1958 Senate elections to the crucial string of presidential primaries, used the Sorensen card file to build a network of Kennedy supporters in every major community of each primary state. A 14-page "Kennedy for President State Organizational Procedure" explained everything from selecting local veterans' committees to techniques for giving away car stickers in supermarket parking lots. A key O'Brien device is mass telephoning, undertaken at no expense by local volunteers and proven enormously effective in West Virginia. One of the fast-moving advance men, O'Brien prowled through Wisconsin, made eight trips to Indiana in a single month, camped on the doorstep of California's Pat Brown until Brown got out of Jack's way. He worked 20-hour days at Los Angeles, faces a months-long grind as director of organization for the Democratic National Committee.

Philip Kenneth O'Donnell, 36. wiry World War II B-17 bombardier-navigator and ex-Harvard football captain, joined the Kennedys through Friend Bobby in 1952; is a specialist in precinct-by-precinct organizing and a liaison man for Kennedy HQ and state supporters. **Pierre Salinger, 35.** stubby, cigar-chewing ex-night city editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, ran into Bobby at the McClellan hearings and went to work for him as an investigator, now is Kennedy's press secretary, sometime speechwriter and frequent emissary. Old-style Boss John Bailey, 55, Connecticut's Democratic state chairman and first important politico to swing behind Kennedy in his 1956 vice-presidential race, concentrated on the East in the campaign. **Illinois' Hymon B. ("Hy") Raskin, 51,** ex-deputy chairman of the National Committee, one of Stevenson's top organizers in 1952 and 1956, joined Kennedy last year and ranged over the Western U.S. for him. Kennedy's brother-in-law, **Stephen E. Smith, 32,** used administrative experience gained running his father's New York tugboat company to co-ordinate the campaign's details from Washington HQ. Another brother-in-law, **Robert Sargent Shriver Jr., 44,** who manages Chicago's \$75 million Merchandise Mart, handled Midwest fund raising, supervised civil rights platform-writing.



O'BRIEN



WALTER BENNETT

and of the possibility of a floor fight. Said Johnson: "If I'm your choice, I'll make a fight for it."

At one point, Kennedy himself went to talk to Sam Rayburn. "We're not a candidate for anything," said Rayburn. "But if you want Johnson and Johnson wants it, I'll go out and provide it. You go and say that you need him and want him." Said Rayburn to Lyndon: "If he wants you and you want it, it'll be all right."

"Please!" When the news got out, the Symington people were thunderstruck. "Partner," said Missouri's Jim Blair to a friend, "we've just been run over by a steamroller." A twister of fury spun through the delegations of the Northern and Midwestern states. Snapped an Iowa woman bitterly: "Out where we come from, you take a man at his word. We'll lose Iowa for sure without a Midwesterner on the ticket." A Californian buttonholed Massachusetts Congressman John McCormack. "Please," she argued plaintively, "you're ruining the party. This is too cynical. The people will revolt and elect Nixon." Soapy Williams' wife Nancy showed her contempt by turning in her Kennedy buttons.

To give the nomination the full professional touch, the Kennedy people arranged to have Pennsylvania Boss Lawrence make the nominating speech and backed it up with seconding speeches by six men representing diverse regions (among them: Chicago's Negro Congressman William Dawson). Still, the electric charges in the arena shot about like hot neutrons in search of a nucleus. On the call for a voice vote, Michigan's 152-member delegation—as well as other vociferous liberals—broke into a tumultuous "NO!" Florida's Governor Collins ruled Lyndon Johnson in by acclamation.

Univac & Unity. By convention's end, many a delegate had the feeling that he had been whipsawed by a Univac in a button-down collar, but the Kennedy organization, now renowned for its attention to detail, instantly set about patching up the bruises. Johnson pep-talked a bunch of Negro leaders; Kennedy mollified the liberals by appointing Adlai Stevenson and Chester Bowles to be his agents at White House briefings on foreign affairs (but like himself said he would give classified information to nobody but Kennedy or Johnson). Other folks were reminded that, come to think of it, F.D.R., the Northern liberal, had once chosen Texas Conservative John Nance Garner as his running mate ("Garner regretted it the rest of his life," said a Texan ruefully. "I hope Johnson doesn't") and recalled how Adlai Stevenson's No. 2 man in 1952 was Alabama's Senator John Sparkman.

In the light of those precedents, the Kennedy-Johnson marriage did not seem so astonishing after all. Thus, as in most instances of sock-and-swat Democratic brawls, the bright sun of unity shone down on the happy pair as they hopped onto their steamroller and gaily left town for their honeymoon.

THE PLATFORM Rights of Man—1960 Style

My promises are in the platform.

—John F. Kennedy

I accept . . . the happy privilege of campaigning on your platform.

—Lyndon B. Johnson

Party platforms have traditionally been ramshackle structures—ill-assorted odds and ends of lumber loosely nailed together by cautious, compromise-minded committees. By comparison, the 1960 Democratic platform, grandly entitled "The Rights of Man," is a well-made document: straightforward, clear, brief and—as platforms go—probably the most coherent blueprint for Utopia ever to come out of a convention. As such, it reflected not only the promises of the candidate but the leanings of its principal architect: Platform Committee Chairman Chester Bowles, 59,



CHESTER BOWLES
Force the growth.

Congressman from Connecticut, prosperous ex-adman (Benton & Bowles), Harry Truman's best-known Ambassador to India, Kennedy's chief foreign policy adviser, and an anchor man of Democratic liberals.

Like Caesar's Gaul, the platform is divided into three principal parts:

Defense & Foreign Policy. The essential goal of foreign policy, says the platform, is "an enduring peace in which the universal values of human dignity, truth and justice under law are finally secured for all men everywhere on earth"—a more elaborate statement of President Eisenhower's "peace with justice." As aids to the cause of peace, the platform proposes more foreign economic aid, expanded world trade (with a cryptic promise of "international agreements to assure . . . fair labor standards to protect our own workers"), liberalized immigration policies, "more sensitive"

overseas information programs, and a "national peace agency for disarmament planning and research." Until peace is secured, the Democratic Party promises "forces and weapons of a diversity, balance and mobility sufficient in quantity and quality to deter both limited and general aggressions," plus a "strong and effective" civil defense. To the "rulers of the Communist world," the platform addresses a bracing declaration:

"We confidently accept your challenge to competition in every field of human effort . . ."

"We believe your Communist ideology to be sterile, unsound and doomed to failure. We believe that your children will reject the intellectual prison in which you seek to confine them, and that ultimately they will choose the eternal principles of freedom."

"In the meantime, we are prepared to negotiate with you whenever and wherever there is a realistic possibility of progress without sacrifice of principle . . ."

"But we will use all the will, power, resources and energy at our command to resist the further encroachment of Communism on freedom—whether at Berlin, Formosa, or new points of pressure."

Civil Rights. In its sweeping promises of Government-enforced equality for Negroes, the civil rights plank reaches far beyond any previous party platform, Democratic or Republican. "The time has come," it says, "to assure equal access for all Americans to all areas of community life, including voting booths, schoolrooms, jobs, housing and public facilities." If the platform is translated into action, every school district in the country will undertake "at least first-step compliance" with the Supreme Court's school desegregation decision by 1963; the 100th anniversary of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. The Attorney General should be "empowered and directed to file civil injunction suits in federal courts to prevent the denial of any civil rights on grounds of race, creed or color." The plank's most controversial proposal: a federal Fair Employment Practices Commission "to secure for everyone the right to equal opportunity for employment"—a proposal (already law in 16 states) that Florida's Senator Spessard Holland warned would "make it fruitfully impossible to carry ten states of the Southland."

The Welfare State. In its economics, the platform offers a kind of Populism that has gone to

Harvard (home of Kennedy's professional advisers John Kenneth Galbraith and Archibald Cox). Instead of lacing the "wolves of Wall Street" and the bankers for such high crimes as tight money and high interest rates, it blames Republican Washington—and offers a glittering prospect if the Democrats are returned to office. The platform makes bows to the free-enterprise system ("the most creative and productive form of economic order that the world has seen") and to fiscal sobriety ("needs can be met with a balanced budget, with no increase in present tax rates"), but then it goes on

to call for a broad and costly expansion of federal services. And how are they to be paid for? In the real world, the answer would have to be either inflationary deficit spending or increased taxes, but in the platform's Utopia the Democrats propose to pay the added welfare costs by rubbing liberalism's newest Aladdin's lamp—the force-fed 5% economic growth rate (growth rate of the U.S. economy over the past half-century: 3%). Platform Committee Chairman Bowles admitted fortnight ago in Los Angeles that he did not know how a 5% growth rate could be achieved without inflation, but no such candor intrudes into the platform.

Along with more veterans' benefits (already costing some \$5 billion a year), greatly expanded "programs to aid urban communities," aid for depressed areas, federal help for schools, a youth conservation corps for the underprivileged, and even federal "incentives" for artists, the platform proposes to implement, on a grand scale, the "Economic Bill of Rights" that Franklin Roosevelt put forward during his 1944 campaign. Among them:

¶ The "right to a useful and remunerative job." The platform vows "support of full employment as a paramount objective of national policy."

¶ The "right of every farmer" to a "decent living." With federal farm programs already costing upwards of \$6 billion a year, the platform promises farmers a return to even costlier price supports ("not less than 90% of parity").

¶ The "right of every family to a decent home." Called for: a big increase in federal housing aid, including a "low-rent housing program authorizing as many units as local communities require and are prepared to build."

¶ The "right to adequate medical care." Among other things, the platform promises a federal program of medical care for the aged, built into the Social Security System, along the lines of the controversial Forand Bill.

The platform invokes Thomas Jefferson as the sponsor of its "Rights of Man." But the "rights" envisaged by Bowles & Co. in 1960 are radically different from the "rights" that Jefferson advocated. In the Democratic platform, rights emerge as goods or services—a "decent" home, "adequate" medical care, etc.—that everybody is entitled to, and that ever-expanding government is obliged to provide. Tom Jefferson and the framers of the Bill of Rights ("Congress shall make no law . . .") saw rights as essential restraints on government in the name of individual liberties.

POLITICAL NOTES

Meanwhile, in Hollywood

In the line-up on the speaker's stand as Jack Kennedy marched out to take his big bow last week was his sister Pat Lawford. And a proper distance behind her was her husband, Hollywood Star Peter Lawford (*Never So Few*, TV's Thin Man). For British-born "Pee-tah," as his friend, Mimic Sammy Davis Jr., calls him,



PAT, TONY, FRANKIE & PEE-TAH
"He's drinking Pabulum on the rocks."

such small-type billing on any other occasion might well be cause for foot-stomping temperament, but it must have comforted him to know that he was only the advance man for a new phalanx of Hollywood stars to whom Jack Kennedy's victory was more satisfying than smash box office. For in Hollywood terms, last week's political news signaled the hope for the biggest little revolution since Marilyn Monroe walked out on 20th Century-Fox.

For years—ever since the decline of the big cinemogul—a major portion of Hollywood stardom was dominated by Stevenson liberals, whose political commitment was more than makeup-deep. Last week, rallied by Producer-Author (*Sunrise at Campobello*) Dore Schary,

they were out in force. Henry Fonda, Vincent Price, Phyllis Kirk and a cast of dozens roamed the convention floor freely (while many delegates had trouble getting into the hall at all) to sell Adlai with glamour. Outside, Actress Mercedes McCambridge, dressed in the costume of a Golden Girl hostess, helped light fires under ragtag groups of everyday Stevensons ("We'll storm that place!"). Over the years, the proper Stevensons had saved their loftiest political scorn not for those hedrick Republicans, Adolphe Menjou and John Wayne, but for Peter Lawford's Kooky Klucks Klan.

The Clan, as every starlet knows (*TIME*, June 22, 1959), is led by Frank Sinatra and includes, among others, such neon lights as the Tony Curtis, the Milton Berle, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis and the Judy Garlands. Before it climbed to political eminence through marriage (Pee-tah's to Jack's sister Pat), The Clan was known principally as a close-knit group of rigid nonconformists, with tribal rites characterized by cypocet habits (members tend to use the same agents, the same make of car, etc.). Their clanishness, in fact, is strangely similar to that of the Kennedy family itself. Members of both groups are young (in spirit if not in age), skillful, articulate, gregarious and highly talented.

For the sake of appearances, The Clan last week behaved with admirable propriety. Frankie wore his hairpiece, snarled at not more than one photographer, and offered to sing a solo at the convention (after declined). Pee-tah wore conservative grey slacks and tried not to be conspicuous (Den Mother Shirley MacLaine, a kook in her own right, was for Adlai, so she did not count). Naturally, there were gala parties. Frankie sang new words to *All the Way*:

*May I be emphyatic?
I'm Italian Democratic—*



MERCEDES McCAMBRIDGE ON THE MARCH
"We'll storm that place!"

All the way.
I know it sounds cutting,
But we've had enough of putting—
Night and day . . .

Berle kidded Jack Kennedy's youth ("He's drinking Pabulum on the rocks"), and the trade columnists ate it up.

By week's end the ascendant Clan was understandably busting its Kennedy buttons with pride. Gag talk predicted that Jewish Convert Sammy Davis would be appointed Ambassador to Israel, Frankie to Italy, and Clotheshorse Pee-tah to the men's-wear London Shop. Proposed key plank in The Clan's platform: abolition of the duty on Dual-Chias. And all the while, the defeated Stevenson wing in Hollywood pretended not to notice. Obviously, they were just jealous: none of their group had a prospective President for a brother-in-law. But that's show biz.

Meanwhile, in Hyannisport

The Kennedy enclave at Hyannisport, Mass.—usually swarming with dogs, children, bicycles and softball teams—was strangely silent last week. The bright green lawns stretching from Jack's and Brother Bob's homes to Father Joe's oceanfront manse were deserted.

For Jackie Kennedy, left behind on Jack's order because she is expecting her second child in November, things were just about the way she liked them best. She and Caroline, 2½, stayed near home, swam and sunned themselves. She got her first real news of Jack's progress when an excited painter rushed in to tell her that Jack had won Pennsylvania's big block of votes in caucus.

During the convention Jackie switched on a rented TV set, but put most of her attention into a painting as a gift for Jack when he got home. Its theme: Jack in a John Paul Jones three-cornered hat marked "El Senatore," striking a stiff Napoleonic stance in the stern of a small

dory with other members of his family crowded behind him. ("I've got to get nine Kennedys in that boat with him.")

For the big night, Jackie's stepfather, Hugh D. Auchincloss, her mother, half brother and half sister drove to Hyannisport from Newport, watched doggedly through the nominating speeches, floor demonstrations and roll call while Jackie painted. Jack called just before the balloting and just after, but in the quiet mood of Hyannisport Jackie didn't guess that he had won until her mother and stepfather came over and kissed her.

Jack's promise, as he led the way to Hyannisport for a family gathering this week, was a vacation for two alone and away from the telephone. "He says three weeks," sighed Jackie, "but he can't possibly mean more than two." Hardly had she spoken when the fence people moved in to build a high wooden fence around the open Kennedy property to keep out the crowds, and the telephone men arrived to install a special switchboard—connected to another in Hyannis, where some 30 correspondents and nine Kennedy staffers would take up residence during Jack's vacation.

Fallout

Among the millions of pear-shaped words that poured forth from Los Angeles last week, a few said a lot. Among the few:

Adlai Stevenson wrote off his abortive try for the nomination with a one-sentence example of his good humor: "A funny thing happened to us on the way to the nomination tonight . . ."

Harry Truman, who had lambasted Stevenson over the years as chronically unable to make up his mind, got it back when Stevenson was asked about Truman's on-again, off-again attitude toward attending the convention: "The trouble with Harry is that he's indecisive." Added Actor-Director Jim Backus: "It is a disgrace that Harry Truman is not coming. It's the same as Sam Snead not going to the Republican Convention."

Pat Brown, California's Governor, won the long-sticking epithet "Tower of Jelly" because he could not make up his mind which game to play—"Back-Jack" or "Favorite Son." After it was too late to matter, an aide reported facetiously that Pat had just conducted another of his famous sidewalk polls. "He wants to find out whether we should support Albert Schweitzer or Fidel Castro for the vice-presidency."

Robert Meyner, the handsome New Jersey Governor who is barred by law from a third term, insisted on running as a favorite son against the manifold pleas and pressures of the state's pro-Kennedy Democratic bosses. He thus won a niche—or, more correctly, a wall scratch—in history (41 first-ballot votes for Meyner), but lost his high hopes for a Cabinet job. "I want my 25 minutes on television," Meyner confessed in a moment of greater vanity than wisdom. "I'm entitled to it."

Herschel Loveless, Iowa's Golden Bantam Governor and favorite son, who with-



Not Dullinger-Gillies
CALIFORNIA'S BROWN & WIFE
A tower of jelly.

drew to support Kennedy, warned a pack of restless Iowa delegates: "You go for Stevenson, and you're dead." Husked back one delegate: "You're looking at a bunch of corpses." Final count from Iowa: 2½ votes for Kennedy, 1½ for Loveless, 3 scattered.

Joseph P. Kennedy, as Comedian Mort Sahl (see SHOW BUSINESS) told it, received a telegram from Vice President Nixon: "Congratulations. You have not lost a son. You have gained a country."

Bobby Kennedy, the steamrolling campaign manager, was figured by one pundit to be in line for a White House job if Brother Jack wins: "Bobby will make Sherman Adams look like George Washington."

Jack Kennedy, wisecracking at a cozy victory party for his staff: "You know you're all members of what's become known as the dirtiest campaign outfit in modern history. To those of you who are going to be served with indictments, this is both hello and goodbye—and I don't know why."

Stuart Symington heard one of his top aides say: "The next time a Kennedy man comes up to congratulate me on the clean campaign we conducted, I'm going to punch him in the nose."

Lyndon Baines Johnson, told by one supporter after he had agreed to run for the vice-presidency that his famed slogan "All the Way with L.B.J." must now be changed to "Half the Way with L.B.J.," replied not so, said that his initials now stood for "Let's Back Jack."

Lady Bird Johnson, commenting on her husband's failure to win the No. 1 job: "I can't say that I am not sorry, because Lyndon would have made a noble President—a tough, can-do President. But as a mother and a wife and a woman who wakes up in the morning and wants to call her day her own, I have a sizable feeling of relief."



MRS. KENNEDY AT HOME
A happy call.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE COLD WAR

Nikita & the RB-47

Once the nations of the world were fortresses lying snugly behind their three-mile limits, a tradition established 250 years ago, when three miles was the span of a cannon's shot. In the modern world of atoms, rockets, and planes swifter than sound, the wall of the fortress is invisible. The wall is electronic—an outthrust barrier of radars, direction-seeking radios and aiming instruments. For both the U.S. and the Soviet Union, it has become vital to spot and plot the ever-shifting shadows and strengths of the adversary's invisible frontier.

Amid deepest secrecy, U.S. and Allied planes and ships have long prowled the air and sea approaches to the Soviet fortress. Such so-called "ferret" flights probe the Russian radar fences in the Pacific, in the Middle East and in the Arctic north. The Russians, for their part, send a weekly flight of radar-snooping planes along Japan's northeast coasts with such unfailing regularity that it is known as the "Tokyo Express." Three months ago, the Soviet trawler *Vega* made a much-photographed nuisance of herself off the U.S. Atlantic Coast—taking bearings on U.S. coastal radars, barging boldly into the midst of fleet and Air Force maneuvers. On one occasion, in a practice session off Long Island, the U.S. nuclear sub *George Washington* fired a dummy Polaris, and a Navy tug churned over to recover the missile. Before it got there, the *Vega* steamed over the horizon, headed straight for the floating missile.

Lost Call. But the ferret flight that left from the U.S. base in the English town of Brize Norton on July 1 was destined to become a brief but acrimonious international incident. The plane was an RB-47, the reconnaissance version of the Air Force's workhorse medium jet bomber. It was scheduled to fly the routine ferret run off the Soviet Arctic coast, a triangular course (see map) around the Barents Sea plotted to keep the ferret plane at least 75 miles away from Soviet territory. At 3:03 p.m., upon reaching the appointed spot about 300 miles northeast of Norway's North Cape, the RB-47 signaled the start of its triangular patrol. It was the ferret's last call. After waiting overnight, the U.S. Air Force announced that the plane was missing and organized a search.

The searchers were wasting their time. Somewhere along the run, a Soviet fighter had intercepted the plane and shot it down. For the Russians, the kill presented no problem. It was broad daylight. The weather was clear. The plane presumably was flying at its assigned altitude of 12,000 ft., within easy reach of the most obsolete fighter, and on the course other U.S. ferret planes had regularly flown before. But the Russians must have planned carefully. U.S. monitors listening in on Soviet command channels heard no mes-



U.S. Air Force

THE RB-47 RECONNAISSANCE PLANE
They probed invisible fortresses.

sages transmitted between Russian bases and the plane.

With Khrushchev away touring Austria, First Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan and his lieutenants in the Kremlin dithered for ten days over what to do about the downed RB-47. For reasons best known to themselves, they said nothing. In fact, they sent a cruiser out to play a grisly farce of helping the U.S. and Norwegian air forces look for the survivors.

Then Khrushchev returned and fired off an abrupt note informing the U.S. that a Soviet fighter plane had shot down the RB-47 near the Kola Peninsula, committing "a gross violation of the Soviet Union's frontier." A Soviet vessel, the note said, had rescued two of the six airmen, and the Soviet government was holding them for "trial under the full rigor of Soviet law."

The U.S. replied with a bristling note rejecting as a "willful misrepresentation and misstatement of fact" Khrushchev's assertion that the U.S. plane had been

shot down inside Soviet airspace. "At no time was the plane closer to Soviet land territory than about 30 miles," said the U.S. But Nikita Khrushchev did not wait for any facts. He called a press conference. Some 300 correspondents, photographers and TV and newsreel cameramen jammed the Kremlin's newly air-conditioned Sverdlov Hall for the show. But this time Khrushchev's spy-plane story did not stand up.

Busted Penny. Almost as if his heart were not quite in it, Nikita monotoned through his prepared statement about the RB-47. "This new act of American perfidy shows that the assurances of President Eisenhower in Paris last May on the discontinuation of spy flights over the Soviet Union are not worth a husted penny." He stressed that this time "the intrusion" had been cut short "in the very beginning"—a point obviously intended to register among Soviet citizens who have been wondering why their vaunted armed forces let the U-2 fly 1,400 miles into the Russian heartland before downing it last May. But Khrushchev was unwilling to give details of the RB-47's course. He was extremely evasive about whether the U.S. flyers admitted making a "spy flight." Most unconvincing of all was his explanation of why Russia had for days gone through the motions of searching for the missing plane. "We trapped them on May 1, we wanted to trap them again on July 1—and to a degree we succeeded."

Whose Right? Nikita was obviously intent on belaboring the West. But he acted like a man who wished he had a better club. When someone asked him about Cuba, he seized on the question with obvious relief. "The U.S. President said the U.S. would not let Communism take over the country, he roared. "Will not let? Who gave it such a right? What right has the U.S. to dispose of the destinies of other countries and other peoples?" Thundered Khrushchev. "We consider that the Monroe Doctrine has outlived its time, has outlived itself, has died, so to say, a natural death. Now the remains of the doctrine should be buried as every dead body is buried, so that it should not poison the air by its decay."

Next, Khrushchev's rhetorical indignation was trained on the Congo. "It is not only Belgium, it is NATO," he shouted.



"that is dismating troops to suppress the people of the Congo by force, on the pretext of alleged disorder. This is an attempt to reduce them to colonial status again."

Easy Kill. Nikita's shouts about Cuba proved a real boomerang, helping to line up almost all of Latin America against Castro (see HEMISPHERE). And no one took his bombast about the Congo very seriously. Kremlinologists were most fascinated by his preposterous explanation of the ten-day delay in announcing the downing of the RB-47. They suspect that the armed services, still smarting from the disclosure that for years the U-2 had ranged freely across their skies, had taken matters into their own hands, and during Khrushchev's absence in Austria, intercepted and shot down the RB-47; on the Arctic milk run as proof that the Russian defense system could at least do something. Tempted to hush up the whole affair because of the flaws in the military's account, Mikoyan & Co. temporized. Only on his return did a fairly disgruntled Khrushchev, by this account, decide that the only thing was to avow the deed and try to forestall troublesome questioning from the U.S. by brazening the whole business out as another spy-plane case.

Picking Holes. But with the memory still fresh of the U.S.'s admission that it had been caught in a lie over the U-2, Khrushchev's crude improvisations struck some international sparks. "Another U-2 incident," shrieked the *London Daily Mail*. The British House of Commons gave Prime Minister Macmillan a bad half-hour because the flight had originated in Britain, and a Tory backbencher asked Macmillan to tell President Eisenhower

that "one of the great anxieties" in Britain is that "the military machine" in the U.S. will "become the dictator of political policy." Macmillan, well aware that specially equipped Canberras had been flying comparable missions for years, soothingly promised to consult with the President. Next day, Washington sent assurances that fuller information about every U.S. flight would henceforth be available to the British government.

Soon British second-thought editorialists were picking holes in Khrushchev's story, and even in Moscow, citizens were asking whether it was credible that the Americans could be such fools as to send a plane with a six-man crew on what by Khrushchev's own account could only be a suicide mission. The Kremlin's campaign of officially sponsored mass meetings and resolutions utterly failed to rouse anything like the popular Russian indignation stirred up by the U-2 affair. And when Khrushchev duly sent a demand for a U.N. Security Council meeting to consider this "new aggressive action by U.S. military aircraft," Press Secretary Jim Hagerty confidently promised to produce evidence (perhaps from long-range radar tracking) that the RB-47 had been well within international waters.

CONGO

Jungle Shipwreck

The collapse in the Congo spread last week from the army to the government. Cabinet ministers argued heatedly with each other on the streets of Leopoldville. Lanky Premier Patrice Lumumba could seldom be found. With long-suffering President Joseph Kasavubu in tow, he was busy flying from city to city trying to impose a semblance of order.

Who's Master? Their trip was an embarrassing failure. The authority of Lumumba's central government extended no farther than the sound of his voice. As soon as he left a town or a province, power returned to whoever was strong enough and ruthless enough to wield it. At Elisabethville, capital of the secessionist province of Katanga, the plane was denied permission to land. A spokesman for the Katanga leader, Moise Tshombe, said that President Kasavubu was welcome, but "we refuse to let that other character set foot on Katangese soil." When the two harassed leaders took off from Luluabourg and headed for Stanleyville, they never made it: a Belgian crew member overheard Lumumba say he wanted to break off diplomatic relations with Belgium, and the Belgian pilot turned the plane toward Leopoldville where Ndjili Airport was in the hands of Belgian paratroops.

As the plane landed, the Belgians dutifully drew up an honor guard. Alighting, Lumumba stonily refused to review "enemy forces." A Belgian officer said: "Our presence here is only to protect the whites." Snapped Lumumba: "The whites need no protection, and we do not need your presence." As the two Congolese leaders waited for another plane to take



CONGOLESE MUTINEER
Shaped by a whip.

them to Stanleyville, they were surrounded by an angry crowd of Belgian refugees. Lumumba was cursed and spat upon. "Why don't you go see the women who have been raped?" shouted a white man, and punched Lumumba in the face. In his best performance since he became Premier, Patrice Lumumba remained calm and unshaken.

Dark Hint. By midweek it seemed as if every Cabinet minister was crying for help from somewhere. The Deputy Premier asked tiny Ghana to send its army. Foreign Minister Justin Bomboko begged for U.S. troops, but his appeal was promptly disavowed by Lumumba, who had been off on one of his flights. Lumumba instead asked the U.N. for help, and hinted darkly that unless he got it, the Congo would appeal to Communist China. No one in the Congolese government asked Belgium for anything, but Brussels moved swiftly in response to the cries of its beleaguered citizens. Paratroops and commando units fanned out from the big Belgian military bases at Kamina and Kitona; planeloads of home troops were rushed to the Congo from Belgium.

The crack Belgian paratroops had been expected to display an iron discipline, in contrast with the disorderly and irrational behavior of the mutinous Congolese troops of the *Force Publique*. But the paratroops soon got out of hand. Storming their way into Leopoldville after capturing the airport, they bent up any stray Africans they encountered, disarmed and arrested Congolese troops. When Congo Foreign Minister Justin Bomboko proposed a truce, with joint patrols from both sides to police Leopoldville, the paratroops indignantly refused to sit beside "those black apes" in military jeeps. They were trigger-happy and arrogant.



BELGIAN PARATROOPER
Triggered by scorn.

TIME Correspondent Lee Griggs was shot at by a paratrooper, who then apologized because "in the dark I thought you were an African."

Holed Bastard. When Premier Lumumba returned to Léopoldville from one of his hectic flights and got into a Sabena bus for the eleven-mile ride into the city, paratroopers rocked the bus so violently that they raised it a foot off the ground. One of them shouted: "We ought to shoot this bastard full of holes!" Lumumba finally escaped under the escort of a U.S. embassy car. U.N. Representative Ralph Bunche, who had been confined to his hotel room by *Force Publique* mutineers, was manhandled by Belgian paratroops at the airport.

Militarily, the Belgians did not do so well. They restored order in the white section of Léopoldville, in Luluabourg chased Congolese mutineers away from a hotel where they had besieged 75 whites for two days. But they failed embarrassingly in an attack on the Congolese garrison of the river port of Matadi.

Fast Vote. In New York the U.N. Security Council convened in extraordinary session to consider Lumumba's appeal. To avoid any charge of colonialism, the U.S. had earlier turned down an appeal to send U.S. troops. Behind the scenes, U.S. Delegate Lodge argued that the Congo problem should be solved by Africans, backed a Tunisian resolution that authorized the dispatch of a U.N. military force to the Congo and demanded that Belgium withdraw its armed forces. The first U.N. detachments were to be made up of troops from such states as Tunisia, Morocco, Ghana and Ethiopia. Though Russia's Arkady Sobolev routinely charged that the S.S., Britain and France were engaged in a "colonialist conspiracy," in the end Russia was forced to vote for the resolution, which passed 8-0 (Britain, France and Nationalist China abstained). Within hours, Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld had the first contingents of a 6,000-man force on their way.

In Belgium the Congo crisis shook the government of Premier Gaston Eyskens. The Socialist opposition declared that the fuse for the mutiny of the *Force Publique* had been set off by the martinet behavior of General Emile Janssens, 58, its commander before independence. "The man is a military blockhead," conceded one Cabinet minister. Janssens had long opposed training the Congolese for officer rank, habitually referred to both Belgian and Congolese politicians as "stupid rabble." He treated Lumumba with contempt, once remarked: "With my 25,000 soldiers, I can rule the Congo if I want to." Last week, a slender, mustachioed man in a rumpled suit, he marched into Brussels' Place du Trône, stood stilly at attention before the bronze equestrian statue of King Leopold II, founder of the Congo. Saluting the statue, he barked: "Sire, *ils vous l'ont coché* [Your Majesty, they fooled it up for you]."

Leopold II might well have understood him. When the Congo was his private 19th century domain, Leopold drained it



of wealth by measures of repression and brutality that shocked the world at the turn of the century. The *Force Publique* had been the King's method of keeping the natives in check. Its troops were literally whipped into shape. Those who survived became efficient, if robot, soldiers who were trained to snap to attention and salute any passing white man. Because there were never enough "volunteers" for the low pay and hard discipline of the soldier's life, village authorities fell into

the habit of "appointing" local trouble-makers as candidates for the army.

The Belgians always sent soldiers belonging to one tribe into the territory of other tribes so that there would be little fraternization with the population. The soldiers learned that the best way to pacify people was to treat them roughly. Last week part of the Congo's trouble was that the troops had learned that lesson too well.

Exodus. By week's end an estimated 60,000 of the 80,000 Belgians had fled before the rampaging soldiery. In Luluabourg only 54 of 3,600 Belgians were left, and mutineers still roamed the streets looting European shops and homes. From outlying districts there came more reports of rape and mayhem. In the Equator province a Roman Catholic priest was tied to a stake, forced to watch as ten nuns were repeatedly raped. Belgium's Foreign Affairs Minister Pierre Wigny spoke for his nation last week when he cried in Parliament: "Do we really have to prove with legal phrasing and quoting of legal textbooks the rightness of our intervention, when the arrivals of our refugees prove beyond doubt its necessity?"

Only bright spot for Belgium was Katanga province, whose premier, Moïse Tshombe, had declared his province independent and called for Belgian intervention against the mutinous *Force Publique*. There was some momentary confusion when Tshombe, after announcing the independence of Katanga, seemed to reverse himself a day or two later. Disarmingly, he explained to reporters that his seeming about-face was "simply a cover-up to allow Belgium to move additional troops into Katanga," and that "it was prudent to help Belgium with this little story so that Belgium could help us." He also boasted that parts of Kivu and Kasai provinces, including the valuable Tshikapa diamond fields, were ready to join his Katanga state, and he was



PLANELOAD OF BELGIAN REFUGEES
The white man's day seemed ended. But had the black man's day begun?

Larry Burrows

hopefully eying populous Ruanda-Urundi, the home of the tall and stately Watutsi tribesmen.

Tshombe announced flatly that no U.N. troops would be permitted to enter the borders of his state. "We told the United Nations merely that there was complete calm in Katanga." At Jadotville, 100 miles to the north of his capital, the Belgians arrested General Victor Lundula, a former sergeant major who had been named supreme commander of Congo's *Force Publique*, and handed him over to Tshombe. Grandiloquently, Tshombe ordered the general expelled from Katanga, apparently sparing him a worse fate because he had "acted considerably" about the welfare of white men during the "disturbances" in Jadotville.

Hourly Watch. Tshombe also accused Patrice Lumumba of "preparing the mutiny of the *Force Publique* and establishing a dictatorial regime staffed by Communists to terrify Europeans so that they would leave the country and be replaced by technicians from the Communist bloc." Premier Lumumba and his ubiquitous companion, President Kasavubu, gave some credibility to this charge by cabling Nikita Khrushchev in Moscow that the Congo's independence was threatened by Belgium and "certain Western countries" and that their lives "were in danger." "We beg you to watch hourly over the development of the situation," they said. Delighted at this opportunity to pose as the champion of African nationalism, Khrushchev responded with an 800-word telegram of support for the Congo's "struggle" against colonial oppressors. "The bayonet was Belgian," cried Khrushchev rhetorically, "but the bosses were U.S., Belgian, British and West German monopolists," and he demanded that the West keep its "hands off the Republic of the Congo." While he fulminated, the U.S. was rushing to the Congo not marines but food and medicine, and furnishing planes to airlift U.N. troops into Léopoldville.

At week's end the U.N. task force was growing at Léopoldville. Some 600 Tunisian troops and 200 from Ghana arrived in British planes, and 1,000 Moroccans are expected this week. Congolese citizens wildly cheered the U.N. arrival, and mobs of young men taunted Belgian paratroopers patrolling the white neighborhoods of Léopoldville. Cars driven by Europeans were stoned, and two white men unwary enough to be abroad in the outskirts of Léopoldville were beaten to death. Belgian officers grumbled at the arrival of "more black bastards" in the U.N. detachments, and complained that they would be no more likely to protect Europeans than the Congolese troops had been.

The arrival of U.N. troops seemed only to make Lumumba more frantic. At week's end he issued an ultimatum to the U.N. forces, demanding that they clear all Belgian troops out of the Congo. If the Belgians were not gone within three days, said Lumumba, he would call on "Soviet Russian troops" for help. Khrushchev would undoubtedly be delighted to oblige.

Reeling Ship. The Congo treasury is empty, and there is virtually no chance

of collecting taxes since most Congolese firmly believe that independence means freedom from taxation. Foreign investors have been thoroughly scared off, and each morning Congolese workers line up hopefully before the closed doors of factories whose white owners and managers have fled. The government bureaucracy ground to a halt as 10,000 Belgian civil servants left the country. The Léopoldville radio was off the air for 48 hours last week because there were no white men left to run it and inexperienced Congolese blew fuses every time they turned on the power.

In the third week of independence, the Congolese nation reeled through time like a ship that refuses to answer its helm in a storm. The white man's day seemed ended in the Congo—but it was far from clear that the black man's day had begun.



KATANGA'S TSHOMBE
New states may live.

The Loner

Katanga, the southernmost and richest province of the Congo, is a land of eroded mountains, rocky plateaus, and grassy savannas where lions and dwarf elephants still roam. Though twice the size of Oregon, Katanga is sparsely populated with 1,750,000 Congolese, and some 40,000 Europeans who are mostly employed by the Union Minière du Haut-Katanga, a cartel owned by Belgian, British and U.S. investors which mines 60% of the free world's cobalt, 10% of its uranium and 8% of its copper. Before independence, Katanga supplied 60% of the income of the Belgian Congo. Katanga's Premier Moïse Tshombe, 41, the man who possesses the key to this treasure house, had obviously decided it would be foolish to share it with the crumbling central government of Patrice Lumumba.

Self-Feeding. Tshombe (pronounced Chombay) is a rarity in the Congo, since he was born to a life of relative ease. His

father was wealthy even by European standards, owned vast plantations in the vicinity of Musumba. Moïse Tshombe graduated from high school, took a correspondence course in accounting before setting up as a trader in everything from peanuts to beer. Handsome and pleasure-loving, Tshombe has fathered eight children by his wife, the daughter of a chief, as well as an undisclosed number of illegitimate offspring.

As a member of the so-called "civilized" native middle class, Tshombe was given special privileges and responded by hanging in his office the pictures of Belgium's King Baudouin and Leopold II, who founded the Belgian Congo. As a political figure, Tshombe lacks the fanatic passion of nationalists like Patrice Lumumba. His common sense and essential conservatism are reflected in his Conakat Party, which draws its strength from tribal leaders such as Mwenda Munongo, the grandson of the last Katanga King, M'Siri, who ruled until 1891 and was chiefly famed for his favorite punishment of enemies: they were tied to trees, starved, and then fed their own limbs until they had cannibalized themselves.

Facts of Life. The power behind Tshombe is the potent Union Minière du Haut-Katanga, which financed his election campaign and supplied Tshombe with an adviser when he attended the Brussels conference last February that gave independence to the Congo. Patrice Lumumba, who hates Tshombe, derisively pointed out that Tshombe always consulted with the U.M.H.K. officials before saying anything. A company executive says that U.M.H.K. backs him because "he is a businessman who understands dollars and cents."

While Lumumba and other hotheads were mouthing phrases about liberty and freedom, Tshombe kept hammering away at the economic and financial facts: the Congo would collapse without continuing Belgian investment and technical help. He also had no desire to see Katanga's riches used to improve the lot of the Congo's five other provinces, fought for a states'-rights system with provincial ownership of mineral rights. Said he last week: "Let us face the truth. Democracy does not exist at the moment. It will be years before Africans here consider themselves Congolese rather than members of individual tribes."

Restored Order. As premier of Katanga, Moïse Tshombe has drawn up plans to attract German, French and U.S. capital for the industrialization of his province. He had visited all three countries shortly before independence, and is especially enthusiastic about his trip to Washington and New York. Since the U.S. visit, Tshombe wears button-down collars and a Homburg, and drives about in a black Cadillac. Says Tshombe: "We need Americans more than anyone else."

Moïse Tshombe was looking better and better to Belgians hoping to save something of their huge investments in the Congo, and the government was reportedly seriously considering granting Katanga *de facto* if not *de jure* recognition.

EUROPE

Migration of the Hairy Legs

As the hot summer sun beat down on Europe last week, there was the perceptible rumbling of Germans on the move. By car, canoe, and kayak, the advance guard of 1.2 million German campers in *Lederhosen* and halters swarmed all over Europe in an annual migration that has made the German camper Europe's most ubiquitous tourist and unseated the camera-toting American as the most unwelcome guest. Said a Cologne industrialist at his campsite: "I look upon camping as a denial of the materialism that has sprung up in Germany. Outdoors we can turn our backs on our material gains and try to find the answers." Snort Italian shopkeepers and French *bistro* owners: The Germans are campers because they are plenary pinchers.

Some German campers travel in a style worthy of Europe's richest new rich, but most boast of how far they can go at the least expense. On the average, a camper's vacation only costs \$40 for two weeks in the sun. One Frankfurt camper spent ten days in Italy. He brought along gas for his motor scooter, canned food, which he cooked over a portable stove with German canned heat, a tent, blankets, and other necessities for independent outdoor living. Cost of his trip: nothing. Said he: "The only thing I took from Italy was water from the public fountains."

Saving Instinct. German campers have made the three-hour cup of coffee a way of vacation life. In Italian cafés, they sit six deep around a cheap bottle of *vino nero*, dawdle away an afternoon for 30¢. Tip-conscious waiters avoid them like the plague, comment sardonically: "They have more money than other Europeans. Naturally they want to save it."

Earnest students of culture, the German campers efficiently map out their trips to the last detail, often spend a year planning their itinerary. In some cities, street hawkers do a thriving business renting clothes to hairy-legged Germans kept out of historic cathedrals by priests who consider *Lederhosen* unsuitable wear.

Crucial Phrase. German business has been quick to respond to the new camper market. For \$300 the camper can pick up a Barnum-sized four-room tent with picture window and carport. Gadget-minded campers can now provide themselves with burglar alarms which are attached to tent flaps, and miniature fences to isolate their area from the common crowd.

But to most of the 50,000 nature-lovers who spilled over Germany's borders last week, money was more to be cherished than spent. Though most German campers are monolingual, they can rattle off one phrase in three or four languages: "Mister, would you mind if I set up my tent on your property?" It is a highly important phrase, because by using it, the German camper saves the 25¢ charged by official camping grounds.

SOCIALISTS

Separate Roads

In Europe, capitalism has stubbornly refused to destroy itself, and Europe's Socialists have found themselves increasingly discredited in a world they never made or even allowed for. Last week Socialists in two major countries reacted in opposite directions to their common dilemma.

Out of Date. In Britain, Labor Party Leader Hugh Gaitskell had studied last year's disastrous election defeat and concluded that change was needed in the party's doctrinaire constitution, which had not been basically overhauled since 1929. Specifically he called for repeal of Clause Four, which calls for "common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange." Nationalization had

the reverse. Last November they junked nationalization in favor of a kind of New Deal capitalism, which would include "as much competition as possible, as much planning as necessary." Three weeks ago—a major post-summit switch—they abandoned their long insistence that Germany might strike a bargain with the Russians, giving up NATO membership in exchange for a unified (if neutralized) Germany. Said the party's Deputy Chairman Herbert Wehner: "Like the Christian Democrats' position, the Socialist position is that the European pact system and NATO must serve as a basis for any foreign-policy and reunification efforts." Last week the party's seven-man electoral strategy committee, further revising the party's face, picked Berlin's vigorous Mayor Willy Brandt, 46, as the party's candidate for chancellor.

Even the Socialists see little hope for victory in the 1961 elections, or as long as Adenauer is on the scene. But the latest moves seem to be on the right track. A recent poll showed the Socialists leading in popularity by a vote of 30% to 29% for the Christian Democrats. That left 12% for the small parties and a decisive 20% in the "don't know" column. But it was the best the Socialists had done since 1956.

TUNISIA

Use for the White Elephant

Among the world's fledgling nations, the U.S. has had no better friends than Tunisia and its anti-Communist President Habib Bourguiba. But as the U.S. pondered for two years whether to build a sorely needed dam in Tunisia, Tunisians grumbled that neutralist nations were getting plenty of money.

Few areas in the world could profit more from water than Tunisia's Sahel region, where some 4,000 farmers scratch out a living. But U.S. Development Loan Fund technicians argued that there was not enough water in the Nebana River to warrant building a dam. "It might be no more than a beautiful white elephant," said an observer.

Tunisians insisted that there was enough water underground which could be tapped by wells to supplement the river supply. DLF officials mulled it over. Finally, when President Eisenhower paid his brief visit to Tunisia last December, Bourguiba told him that a Soviet trade mission had suggested that Russia would be only too willing to help build the dam if the U.S. did not. The DLF sent an expert to make a study. He reported that the Tunisians were right: there was enough underground water. Last week DLF announced that it would lend Tunisia \$18 million, enough to assure the building of the dam and the drilling of 15 ground wells.

The dam, to be completed in 1965, will irrigate 11,000 acres, is expected to yield an extra \$4,000,000 worth of crops each year. Above all, it promises to help insure social stability in a land whose poverty works against stability.



Camera Press—Rie

SOCIALIST GAITSKELL
Old slogans do die.

been tried by the Labor Party itself when it was in power and had proved no panacea. In the working man's affluent world of "the telly, the frig and the car," Gaitskell argued, the old slogans had no appeal.

But it is the older militant generation, weaned on Marxism, that wrote the constitution and that still controls Britain's big trade unions and, with them, the bloc vote that dominates the annual Labor Party conference. One by one, the big unions lined up against Gaitskell. First Gaitskell backed down to an amendment "recognizing that both public and private enterprise have a place in the economy." Last week, facing certain defeat at the October conference, Gaitskell surrendered completely. Labor Secretary Morgan Phillips announced that no Clause Four amendment will be offered "this year, next year, or even in 1962."

Up to Date. Faced with the same problem of continuing electoral defeat, West Germany's Social Democrats did exactly



KISHI AFTER KNIFE ATTACK
He was denied a graceful exit.

JAPAN

The Last Blow

That beleveled man, Japan's Premier Nobusuke Kishi, did not even get the privilege of quitting office gracefully last week. Victimized politically for putting through the Japanese-U.S. Security Treaty by the fanatics of the left, he suffered a final personal indignity at the

hands of a fanatic of the right, who knifed him in the thigh.

Box of Coke. Even the choice of his successor brought untidy dispute. From all over Japan, Liberal Democratic delegates convened in Tokyo to pick a new party president, who would automatically become the party's nominee for Premier. Kishi's choice was Trade Minister Hayato Ikeda. But ability or ideology had little to do with the battle. As is their custom, big Japanese business firms, hoping for future friendly treatment in such matters as import licenses, taxes and government contracts, backed one or another of the eight party factions to the tune of \$4,000,000. By common consent, it was the most corrupt convention in the party's short history. One happy delegate from southern Kyushu explained how the money went.

His air ticket to Tokyo had been bought by the Ikeda faction. But before he could board the plane, he was approached by a forceful *hakoshi*, or delegate rustler, from a rival faction, who persuaded him to swap his air ticket for a first-class train ride, "all meals paid for, and plenty of sake." But once aboard the train, the delegate fell in with a smooth-talking *hakoshi* of the Fujiyama faction, who persuaded him to descend for a night of pleasure in the resort town of Atami, 60 miles short of Tokyo. Before resuming the journey next day, the delegate was presented with a cakebox, and the modest explanation: "It's only a little *ochugen*" (a traditional midyear gift). The cakebox was stuffed with crisp 10,000-yen (about \$20) notes.

At Tokyo Station, the delegate was snatched from the Fujiyama *hakoshi* by

burly Ikeda *hakoshi*, who bundled him into a waiting car and drove him to a plush, Western-style hotel (the paper-thin walls of Japanese inns might leak secrets). There a double room with bath awaited him and, on a bedside table, another cakebox stuffed with yen. Under guard until convention time, the delegate was at last safely counted as *kanzume* (in the can) for Candidate Ikeda.

Flocking in Cadillacs to the convention hall, the candidates bargained furiously to put together a stop-Ikeda ticket. But Ikeda was backed by two banks, a ship-builder, the Nomura Securities Co. and much of the old Mitsu industrial combine, as well as by Premier Kishi. One rival, Party Vice President Bamboku Ohno, wailed: "I have locked up in a safe Kishi's written promise to make me Japan's next Premier." Maybe he did. But Kishi stuck with Ikeda. At the last minute, Foreign Minister Aichihiro Fujiyama tossed Ikeda a block of 40 votes that had cost a reported \$280,000, and Ikeda rolled on to win the party presidency on the second ballot with 302 out of 496 votes. Within minutes a crowd of 30,000 leftists formed to snake-dance in front of the Diet and shout "Down with Ikeda!"

Taken Cut. That afternoon, at a reception amid gaily striped tents on the lawn of his official residence, Kishi raised a tankard of beer and led three banzais for Ikeda. Inside the dining room, Taisuke Aramaki, 65, a crackpot and a member of a right-wing terrorist society before World War II, waited with a Japanese navy knife. As Kishi walked in through a French window from the garden, Aramaki leaped at him, shouting: "Why did you

HARD MAN

SQUARE-JAWED Hayato Ikeda, 60, is a hard man with a yen and a free man with his tongue. Back in 1951, as Finance Minister under Premier Shigeru Yoshida, he stirred up a storm by suggesting that if peasants could not afford rice under his austerity program, "then let them eat barley." A year later, while waging war on the black market, he lost his post as Trade Minister for remarking that "if black marketeers are driven to suicide by my methods, it can't be helped."

Ikeda was born in Hiroshima prefecture, is descended from six generations of wealthy sake makers. In early deference to the family business, he developed a prodigious capacity for the native drink (the Tokyo newspaper *Mainichi* noted candidly last week that "he has been on the wagon now for one month"). He became a hard-working government tax expert. In World War II, he bossed the tax bureau's head office in Tokyo, raising revenues for the Imperial armies. During the U.S. occupation of Japan, he proved to be U.S. Economic Adviser Joseph Dodge's most stubborn and effective aide in holding the line against postwar inflation.

Ikeda's political power grew rapidly after he came to know Araki Kondo, often called Japan's biggest money-lender, whose private fortune tops 20 million. In 1957 Ikeda's oldest daughter married Kondo's oldest son. Through Kondo, Ikeda came to know many of Japan's top businessmen, who admired not only his administrative ability but also the \$280 million tax cut he pushed through while

Finance Minister again in 1956.

Deeply rooted in old Japan, Ikeda is a vegetarian who takes two hot baths a day and wanders in his rock garden "to clear my head." Back in 1930, he was attacked by a skin disease that doctors pronounced incurable. After five years of suffering, Ikeda listened to his mother's urging and set out on a pilgrimage. Swathed in bandages, he dragged himself painfully around Osaka Island to 88 of Buddhism's holy places. The disease disappeared, and Ikeda has been a convinced Buddhist ever since, still prays daily at an altar in his home. Last week he accepted the party presidency with profuse apologies for "the disgraceful persistence and unworthy stubbornness" with which he had pursued the post.

"I have always enjoyed golf and geishas," said Ikeda. "But they are far from the life of Japan's common people, and I am now going to live like a common man." He emphasized his friendship for the U.S. (two of his daughters are currently college shopping in California), setting as his prime policy goal "restoring America's confidence in Japan."



IKEDA



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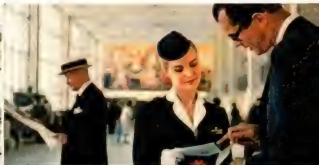
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Western Electric manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System

betray Ohno?" Kishi fell, blood streaming from six wounds in his left thigh. Aramaki made no attempt to escape, stood by smiling, and later explained: "If I had wanted to kill him, I would have stabbed him in the chest or stomach."

From his hospital bed, Kishi resigned along with his entire Cabinet, and the country at last began to settle down. Leaders of the Socialist minority rushed to pay ceremonial calls on the stricken Kishi, then abruptly ended their two-month boycott of the Diet. This week, if the Diet ratifies the party's decision as expected, Ikeda will become the ninth postwar Premier, will probably call new elections late this year.

SOUTH KOREA

Repressive Influence

South Korea's caretaker government rescinded martial law one night last week, and the move proved premature. Hundreds of students marched through the streets of Seoul shaking down pedestrians for American cigarettes ("Our politicians live in luxury—foreign cigarettes will burn the fatherland!"), seizing Japanese records from tearooms ("Japanese swords are hidden in these melodies!"), and dragging civil servants out of cars bearing blue, official plates ("Why are you using official transport after office hours? Who do you think you are—Syngman Rhee or somebody?"). The puritanical demonstrators lit big bonfires of cigarettes and records and then swept through Seoul's biggest *kisang* (geisha) house, the White Cloud, to drive male customers and indignant, silk-gowned "hostesses" into the street. "Only rotten people visit *kisang* houses!" the students cried.

Behind the demonstration lay the students' puzzled anger that their April revolution had brought no immediate, sweeping changes in the national life. Police were mostly too intimidated to interfere. But private citizens, remembering that students recently beat one defiant pro-Rhee villager to death, were worried about the trend. Said one: "The repressive influence formerly wielded by police is now exercised by the students."

INDIA

The Men in the Khaki

Khaki is the Indian farmer's word for the dusty, brown, bare countryside of northern India—a word that imperial British soldiers long ago adopted to describe the sand-drab color of their field uniforms. Last week, from the tea gardens of the Malabar Coast to the millet patches of the high Himalaya, Indians were discussing the government's new third five-year plan (1961-66), in which highest priority is assigned to agriculture. The goal is a 33% increase in food production in five years—enough to enable India to feed itself. Western experts think it can be done, but the problem narrows down to the special and often exasperating problems of "the man behind the plow," the Indian *khaki* farmer.

One such farmer is wiry, half-naked Jagjit, sixtyish, whose 20 acres of Punjab sugar cane, wheat and pulses brought him a cash income of \$485 last year. For weeks Jagjit worked night and day carrying buckets to save his half-acre patch of cane from the searing Indian sun; last week the violent onset of monsoon rains threatened to wash away his fields. Jagjit cannot afford to buy chemical fertilizer. He uses cow dung to manure his fields, but only during the monsoon, when the dung cannot be dried; the rest of the time he collects it in great mounds and uses it for fuel. "We know this is wasteful," he said, "but there is nothing else to burn." Joining his palms and gazing reverently upward, he murmured:

too tiny to justify their use. The government has persuaded only a few to band together in cooperatives. For an Indian feels deeply attached to his own land and hates the idea of working on someone else's; nor does he like to trust anyone else to do his buying and selling for him. Punjabi Farmer Parbhu Dayal, 62, observed last week: "If the cooperative's tractor goes out of order, those who run the cooperative send it off to Delhi for repairs, and if the repairs cost 30 or 40 rupees, they mark it as 200 rupees in the accounts and pocket the difference."

Cows & Calorics. After ten years' incessant government educational work, religious and social resistance to rural ad-



FARMER DAYAL PLOWING
His country's economic stability depends on him.

"If *Paramatman* [God] is not willing, then I must accept my fate."

Blood & Banians. Fate, for most *khaki* farmers, is another visit to the *banian*, or village moneylender. Of Jagjit's 30-bushel wheat crop, the *banian* already gets about a third. The *banian*'s charge for a bushel of wheat: two bushels at harvest time, the equivalent of 100% interest. Yet Jagjit and others would rather take their chances with a local *banian*'s mercy than ask for government credit. "The government drinks the blood of the farmers," said Jagjit fiercely. "It charges 12% interest, and wants the money back as soon as the term of the loan is up. The *banian* can be shamed if you clasp your hands and plead, but not the government. If I default, it will sell my goods to pay my loan."

As *khaki* farmers go, Jagjit must be accounted progressive. In all the 600,000 villages of India, only 1% of the farmers till their land with anything more up to date than a metal-tipped stick. There are only 34,000 tractors in the whole country. But even if tractors were available in any quantity, most farmers' plots are

vance has been reduced. Though Parbhu Dayal, for example, is a good Brahmin who would never knowingly take the life of any animal, he welcomes government agents who arrive to poison rats and to spray insecticides in his fields. Another Punjabi farmer, Kartar Singh, 26, grudgingly admitted that his brother from New Delhi had added 20% to last year's wheat harvest by spreading rat poison around the farm during one of his visits.

But India is still the land where 200 million sacred cows roam the fields and towns unmolested while families go without meat for weeks at a time. New Delhi's planners now forecast the 1966 population at 480 million—an increase of 65 million over the present total, or the equivalent of the population of Brazil. To help India feed this huge population during the next five years, the U.S. has agreed to lend \$1.3 billion to pay for 17 million tons of U.S. surplus wheat and rice (TIME, May 16). But ultimately, India's economic stability will depend on learning to feed itself. And that will be up to the *khaki* farmers.

THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Flocking Together

Just when everything seems to be going his way, Nikita Khrushchev has a habit of overreaching himself. Now he has obliged over Cuba. Until he brandished his rockets and mouthed his threats, the quarrel between the U.S. and Cuba met with a disquieting passivity in Latin America. Though governments might know better, their people generally side with

pain of confiscation. The U.S. put the world on notice that "the American continents are henceforth not to be considered as subject for further colonization." Further concerned that the "Holy Alliance" of Russia, Prussia and Austria might launch a war to restore newly liberated Latin American nations to the Spanish throne, Madison and Adams warned that the U.S. would view interference as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the U.S.

For a nation so young and still so weak, such a stand was courageous and decidedly overambitious. "These United States of America," snorted Austria's Prince Metternich, "have astonished Europe by a new act of revolt, more unprovoked, fully as audacious and no less dangerous than the former"—meaning the American Revolution. But Lafayette called it "the best little bit of paper that God had ever permitted any man to give to the world."

Intervention License. Teddy Roosevelt amended the Monroe Doctrine to mean that continued disturbance in a Latin American country could force the U.S. to intervene to forestall intervention from Europe. Thus licensed for intervention, U.S. marines marched in and out of Caribbean capitals and customs houses to protect U.S. investments for nearly three decades. By the time of the Good Neighbor Policy, the doctrine was in bad repute. It has not been invoked since it was expanded to protect Greenland from German seizure in 1941.

But Khrushchev's claim that Cuba was a Communist protectorate resurrected the Monroe Doctrine in a form close to the original. Eisenhower warned that "the U.S. will not permit the establishment of a regime dominated by international Communism in the Western Hemisphere." Ike's warning was unilateral, but as the State Department pointed out last week, the Monroe Doctrine has been built into joint policy by the nations of the Americas in the OAS charter and the Rio Treaty of 1947.

Bad Neighbor Policy. Last week Peru called the OAS into session to consider convening the hemisphere's foreign ministers to deal with "the problem of continental solidarity, the defense of the regional system and its democratic principles against any threat." Argentina asked Cuba to disapprove publicly "any statement that may be construed as interference by an extracontinental power."

Castro charged that the OAS is a U.S. tool. He pointedly bypassed it to carry his own charges of U.S. "aggression" (for cutting Cuba's sugar quota) to the U.N. But Latin American nations were in no mood to be bypassed that way. In the Security Council, delegates from Argentina and Ecuador drew up a plan to confine U.N. discussion to presentation of charges by Cuban Foreign Minister Raúl Roa and a rebuttal by U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, before referring the

charges to the OAS, where they belong. At the OAS, 17 of the 20 hemisphere nations—the only exceptions: Cuba, Venezuela and Mexico—supported Peru in calling together the foreign ministers to deal with the threat of Communist penetration through Cuba.

In doing so, they gave the U.S. its first real opportunity to prove the fairness of its own attitude towards Cuba and the firmness of its determination to keep Russia out of the Americas.



PRESIDENT MONROE
Russian threats . . .



CZAR ALEXANDER I
... had been met before.

Castro. Then Khrushchev proclaimed that any attack on Cuba would bring instant retaliation against the U.S. by Soviet intercontinental missiles. The Monroe Doctrine, he said, is dead, and should be buried "so that it should not poison the air by its decay." At this point, 17 Latin American nations dropped their apathetic neutrality to side with the U.S. in mutual concern over a Soviet incursion in Latin America. The unilateral Monroe Doctrine was not dead after all: it has become the multilateral concern of the 21 members of the Organization of American States.

Oddly enough, it was a threat from Russia back in 1823 that led President James Monroe and his Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, to proclaim the original Monroe Doctrine, fencing off the hemisphere from European intervention. Czar Alexander I, spreading his claims down the western coast of North America from the Bering Strait to Vancouver Island, forbade all foreign ships to approach within "100 Italian miles" of shore on

Reacting to Crisis

The U.S. was at last paying attention to some of the critics of its Latin America policy. Last week it agreed for the first time to grant Latin American nations long-term loans, repayable in soft currencies, for such social—and visible—ends as slum clearance, schools, hospitals, and land reform. The Administration will ask Congress when it reconvenes in August for \$500 million or more for loans to better the lot of the hemisphere's peoples. The policy reverses the Eisenhower Administration's previous insistence on hard-currency loans, to be spent mostly on U.S.-made equipment for economic enterprises.

Along with the switch of policy, the White House downgraded Roy Richard Rubottom, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, to the post of Ambassador to Argentina. During Rubottom's tenure, U.S. handling of Latin American relations has consisted chiefly



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This is the true, universally-agreed-upon measure of time.

The Bottled-in-Bond Act was passed by the U. S. Congress, the only law of its kind in the world, to make impossible the cheapening of whiskey without the consumer knowing it. Bottled-in-Bond became the true, universally-agreed-upon measure of American whiskey. It has remained so for more than half a century.

Recently, however, there has been a tendency on the part of several brands, which gained original fame as Bottled-in-Bonds, to forsake their bonded character by the simple addition of water to reduce their proof.

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**100 Proof Kentucky Straight
Bourbon Always Bottled in Bond
Made in U. S. A.**

of making, upon the arrival of a crisis, some concession that the U.S. previously vowed not to make. Item: for years the Latin American nations that rely largely on coffee for their livelihood asked the U.S. to cooperate in some form of international control over wild price fluctuations. In January 1958 Assistant Secretary Rubottom announced that price support would be "unwieldy and unworkable"; in May Vice President Nixon was stoned in Peru and Venezuela; the following month the U.S. joined an international coffee study program. Now, in offering \$500 million worth of help for social needs, the U.S. has made a similar about-face, on the heels of new fears that the influence of Nikita Khrushchev may spread across the neglected hemisphere. The trouble with this policy is that the U.S. pays the bills but its enemies get the credit for spurring it into action.

Angry at the policy shortcomings that made him the target of Latin American

stones, spit and insults, Vice President Nixon tried to get rid of Rubottom when he returned from his 1958 trip. The Assistant Secretary was saved by the intervention of his longtime friend Milton Eisenhower, but now Dwight Eisenhower is alarmed at the setbacks the U.S. has suffered in Latin America. One recent influence on Ike is Peru's conservative Premier Pedro Beltrán, a visitor to the White House last month, who argues that the U.S. should help meet some of Latin America's social needs—though he agrees that Latin Americans must do more for themselves. The U.S. is preparing to grant Peru \$25 million in loans for housing and land reform.

Rubottom's successor will be Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs Thomas C. Mann. He has served as embassy counselor in Guatemala and Ambassador to El Salvador. He is credited with drawing up the plan for U.S. participation in the international coffee agreement.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE Reports of Its Death Are Greatly Exaggerated

EL MERCURIO of Santiago, Chile:

Khrushchev's threats are not only against the U.S. but against all countries in Latin America. They must be answered by all countries acting as one.

NEW YORK TIMES:

So long as the U.S. has the power to enforce it, the Monroe Doctrine will be alive and kicking.

TORONTO GLOBE & MAIL:

The Monroe Doctrine sustains the right of Cuba to have whatever government it wants—including a Communist government.

O JORNAL of Rio de Janeiro:

Brazil will comply with her commitments to defend Pan-American solidarity and the Monroe Doctrine.

REVOLUCION, the Castro government mouthpiece in Havana:

With the Monroe Doctrine and the treaties at Rio de Janeiro and Caracas, three useless documents, the U.S. pretends to legalize its armed assault against Cuba. It would be a laughing matter if it were not for the fact that it will cost so much blood.

EL SIGLO of Bogotà:

If the OAS gets shunted aside because of the intervention of other international organizations, its prestige will be broken and it will soon become obsolescent.

EL NACIONAL of Caracas:

Semi-colonial peoples have never managed to emancipate themselves



CARRO DE LA FANTE

FIDEL NIKITOVICH CASTRO

without counting on the rivalries between great powers. The U.S.S.R. occupies for us today the place England had when Simón Bolívar tied us to Spain. We would not be worthy if we did not take advantage of that reality.

LA PRENSA of Lima:

On the chessboard of international rivalries, Khrushchev is now moving a pawn named Fidel Castro.

RODOLFO JOSE CARDENAS, a leader of Venezuela's Social Christian Copei:

The Americans should not think that Latin America is tranquil at the prospect of Yankee intervention in Cuba, nor should the Russians think that Cuba will be a new Spain, a new Hungary or a new Korea.



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A few years ago a long-distance conveyor like this couldn't have been built. Belts weren't as strong then,

couldn't carry heavy loads so far. A haul like this would have taken too many belts, cost too much.

Then B.F. Goodrich engineers found a way to add extra muscle to a belt without making it thick and stiff. A special fabric, called Nyfil, built into the rubber, makes it so strong a single belt can now cover distances that used to take three or four belts. One BFG belt in this spectacular overland system actually spans 2.2 miles—the longest ever built in the U.S.A., more than twice as long as any other in use today.

If you have to move something—

cross country or across a plant—we have many kinds of belting and hose to carry it, vinyl pipe to pipe it, and tires to roll it. Quite likely one of these products can save you money or help you do a job better. For more information on any BFG product, write President's Office, *The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, O.*





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PEOPLE

Boston's sprightly **Richard Cardinal Cushing** recalled that "months ago" he had predicted that Jack Kennedy would be the Democratic presidential nominee. After that, he made no more political auguries. But in Milwaukee last week he foresaw, fairly safely, Richard Nixon's nomination by the G.O.P. next week. His view of the contenders: "Both good campaigners and very capable." As His Eminence sees it, religion will not be a legitimate issue in the campaign. "The people are in a mood to hear the issues discussed rather than personalities and some other nonsense."

Australian-born Actress **Judith Anderson**, 62, long aghast in U.S. footlights, nervously made an entrance in the ballroom of London's Buckingham Palace. Quivering with stage fright, she was invested by Queen Elizabeth II with the insignia of a Dame Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire. Tremoloed Dame Judith in her best *Medea* style: "The hardest role I've ever had to play."

There was much of the past that ex-Cinematress **Gene Tierney**, 39, wanted to forget. Behind her were 31 movies, a divorce from sleek Couturier Oleg Cassini, a retarded daughter (Gene had given Hamme measles during the pregnancy) and five years, off and on, as a voluntary patient in private mental hospitals. Last week she decided that she was strong enough to make a clean break with those bad bygone years. In Aspen, Colo.'s Community Church, she married Houston Ollman W. (for William) Howard Lee, 31, freshly divorced from his second wife, ex-Cinematress Hedy Lamarr, Lee had



GENE TIERNEY & BRIDEGROOM
Bad years forgotten.



THE CHURCHILLS IN VENICE
Old bottle remembered.

courted Gene while she clerked in a dress shop in Topeka as an outpatient in Kansas' renowned Menninger Clinic, and had convinced her that he is a thoroughly reformed playboy. Said the bride: "Everything looks so beautiful today!"

In London's Haymarket Theater, shortly before the curtain rose on Terence Rattigan's hit play *Ross*, a couple strolled down the aisle to Row G, soon complained to an usherette that another couple had usurped their No. 1 and 2 seats. The unwitting usurpers: Britain's **Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip**, enjoying an incognito evening out. Apologetically and still unrecognized by the audience, the royal pair moved over. Earlier, Philip was better prepared for a surprise that arose at Reading University, whose vice chancellor, Sir John Wolfenden, awarding him an honorary doctor of science degree, glowingly described the prince in the words of Poet John Dryden:

*A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.*

Having peeked at an advance copy of Sir John's little speech, Philip mischievously rejoined: "I hope that what the vice chancellor has left unsaid is not an indication of his true feelings!"*

In the early twilight of the lives mostly spent commuting with fair weather between England and the French Riviera, **Sir Winston and Lady Churchill** journeyed to Venice, briefly explored its familiar old canals by motorboat before going aboard a somewhat larger craft, the rakish, 325-ft. yacht of Shipping Lord Aristotle Socrates Onassis. Bound for a leisurely Mediterranean cruise, the yacht sailed down the Adriatic Sea, dropped anchor near a retreat of Yugoslavia's **President Tito**. Going ashore, Sir Win-

ston rekindled his spirits by reliving some World War II battles with his erstwhile partisan ally.

In her smallest misunderstanding-wait voice, Cinematress Marilyn Monroe acknowledged the rumors and allowed: "Most of my leading men have said unpleasant things about me after we had finished working together. **Yves Montand** is the exception. Now am I supposed to marry him?" Marilyn, whose legal leading man is Playwright Arthur Miller, and Montand, husband of Oscar-winning Cinematress Simone (*Room at the Top*) Signoret, co-starred recently in a Hollywood romp whose title was likely to inspire a little gossip—*Let's Make Love*. But as for Yves Montand, can remember how Marilyn and he were even exchanged as a passionate handshake offense. Flying in from Paris, he gallantly cried: "Whoa! People go too fast in this country. I'm very flattered, but I can't understand why people talk."

Roughly a year after **Dr. Bernard Finch** shot and killed his wife on their Southern California estate, a second first-degree murder trial was on the Los Angeles court docket. Finch, 43, once wealthy, now near-broke and wan after a year in jail, and his ex-mistress, **Carole Tregoff**, 33, will again contend that the shooting was an accidental consequence of their love for each other. After their first trial which lasted for three months and ended with a hung jury, Carole was sprung on \$25,000 bail. She now seems cheery and confident, a mood perhaps induced by the knowledge that most of the jurors in the earlier trial favored freedom for her. They also favored conviction for Finch.

When Artist **Thomas Hart Benton** painted the mural in the capitol of home state Missouri 24 years ago, he drew many other things—such as brickbats, catcalls and roars of rage from those who saw in his work “a disgrace to the state.” Instead of the usual historical sugar icing, Benton handily depicted traders giving firewater to the Indians, a slave market, scrawny cattle and a sorry lot of rustic humi-

* The Dryden quotation from *Abraham and Lot* reads as:

Nothing happens—Always in the wrong
 With love coming by starts, and Nothing long,
 But a little—on a moon-revolving Moon
 Has Content, Love, and Nothing, and Nothing



"WHO,
ME
FLY?"

LOOK
WHO'S
FLYING!

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CESNA

kins. "The time will come," said one critic. "when Missouri will find the mural so odious that its executives will order it to be blacked out." In time, the mural was almost blacked out by soot and grime, but last week, in the now air-conditioned capitol, a team of restoration specialists was busily bringing its unpleasantness of yesterday back to light. Chuckled Artist Benton, 71: "I knew they'd gotten used to it." And he added almost sadly: "Practically everything I do is accepted now."

Reminiscing in Australia, Grand Old Trouper **Billie Burke**, a bubbly 72, told newsmen a few tidbits about Impresario **Florenz Ziegfeld**, whose second and last wife she was. "Men didn't like Mr. Ziegfeld," she said. "They were jealous of his success with the ladies. But he wasn't as bad as they said. He just thought it good



TROUPER BURKE (CIRCA 1913) *Color*
Not until they were married.

publicity for everyone to think he was in love with all the girls." Flo got very upset about their publicity after they were married in a sudden dash to New Jersey following a Broadway matinee: "Mr. Ziegfeld was furious when he saw that the hanging of four men had pushed our wedding off the front pages. Why had Billie never joined her husband's girly galas? 'My legs were too fat. But he didn't discover that until we were married.'"

France's favorite spinner of adult bedtime stories, Novelist **Françoise Sagon**, 24 and recently divorced, looked at life and love in rather young-foggy fashion for an interviewer from the quarterly *Transatlantic Review*. Sighed she wearily: "At 10, if you like, I could have been completely changed by someone or I could have discovered something through someone. Now I don't think I could any more. I could change my way of life, be happy or unhappy, but I can no longer change a set of reflexes which is me."

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SHOW BUSINESS



HUNTLEY & BRINKLEY

A fresh, light wind blew away the oracles.

Jim Mahon

TELEVISION

The Viewers' Choice

Covering a political convention is like melting down a sperm whale in a 21-in. fry-pot. There is just too much blubber. Newswriters can keep their chins in their hands and their copy under control. But television, which is at its most exciting when it shows an event as it happens, is also hopelessly chained to that event, in all its unfolding sprawl and confusion. Last week NBC met the problem more effectively than it has ever been met in the past, by applying the light wit and dry satire of David Brinkley, in easy converse with the world's most informed straight man, Chet Huntley.

CBS once had its own answer to the problem and called it Ed Murrow. During long, dull stretches, Murrow and any number of imitators would deliver what amounted to a Politics 1 course as taught at Delphi. But last week most of the students cut the course. Eyes raking remote high corners at the broadcasting booth, head cocked into a single earphone, Murrow gave the impression that he was listening more to the rulings of the Supreme Chairman than to the conversation of his fluent, competent colleague, Walter Cronkite. Murrow is still television's big news name; but his doom-edged, oracular school of reporting—better suited to war and disaster than to the gaudier side of U.S. politics—was rendered obsolete by the fresh wind from NBC.

Halfway with L.B.J. "This is the convention, and there are those who love it," said Brinkley with wry detachment on opening day, setting the tone for NBC's coverage all the way. Spotting Zsa Zsa Gabor with Louisiana's deLesseps Morrison, he observed that Morrison "has just been defeated for Governor; so he's got a

lot of spare time now." When Lyndon Johnson accepted the vice-presidential nomination, Brinkley suggested that the slogan "All the way with L.B.J.," should now read "Half the way with L.B.J."

Cooped up in a 10-ft. by 12-ft. glassed-in booth that looked as cramped as the cabin of a spaceship, Huntley and Brinkley muffled all organ tones, were obviously so complementarily a pair—Brinkley the *apiritif*, Huntley the cordial—that neither could have done so well alone. They relaxed and let history write itself: while the CBS team hinted at a panic slide away from Kennedy, H. & B. refused to make artificial excitement of what their calculations told them was artificial news. One of their few slips: a dissertation on the demise of bossism, delivered just after John Kennedy was nominated with the help of the biggest political bosses to be found in the U.S.

Back-Door Coverage. On H. & B.'s performance alone, NBC scored a clear heat over CBS and ABC, which slid along on the scented oils of John C. Daly; but NBC also pretty much outdid the other networks in overall reporting and picture coverage. CBS jumped around nervously, interviewing its own floor men, picking up remote shots of delegates until viewers expected to see the screen dissolve into a creepee-peepee interview with a delegate who had got lost in a Pasadena supermarket. NBC had its own dogged, creepee-peeking reporters on the floor—notably Martin Agronsky, Sander Vanocur, Herb Kaplow, Merrill-Mueller, Frank McGee—but they never kept NBC from staying close to the main flow of developments.

Among the networks, there was much internecine crowing about scoops. CBS thought it made history by its coverage of the Kennedy auto cavalcade, with shots of young Jack's fingers tapping on the dash-

board. NBC proudly claimed that it got the best shots of Kennedy leaving his hideaway cottage after being nominated (ABC was there, lenses akimbo, but its cameramen somehow followed a phony tip and were crouched in waiting by the back door, which never opened). Actually, little newsbeats here and there were not what mattered. More than the others, it was NBC that held the steadiest eye on the center of the story.

The Last Mile. Whatever the merits of TV's coverage, some observers felt that, good or bad, it hurt the convention, that the whole show was too heavily rigged for TV effects. BBC Correspondent Robin Day, pointing out that TV cameras are forced to the back of the room in British conventions, said he thought the cameras injure the freedom of the U.S. press, killing off "the valid idea of off-the-record remarks," as politicians eagerly seek TV exposure and then produce floods of "blather and gobbledygook."

After the last mile of speeches had finally paid out through the rostrum's idiot box, ratings indicated that nearly twice as many people had watched NBC as CBS, with ABC far out of the running. CBS, on the defensive in its long-held top position in TV news, had at least one slim consolation: it scored an exclusive interview with the expectant Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy on a Cape Cod lawn 3,000 miles from the gavel.

COMEDIANS

Will Rogers with Fangs

Of all the seasoned infighters who appeared in Los Angeles last week, probably none was more combative than the man in the cashmere sweater who said: "I like fun, but we don't have time for jokes. We have to overthrow our Government."

This was Morton Lyon Sahl, delegate from everywhere and nowhere, just about the only un-TelePromTep speaker in town, and a sideshow considerably brighter than the main attraction. Busy as a Kennedy, he appeared nightly on local television over station KHJ (the call letters, he said, stand for "Kennedy Hates Johnson"), nibbled *petits fours* and strawberries while matching attitudes with Senators, Governors, showfolk and intellectuals, including a bewildered Max Lerner. Sahl also did two shows a night at the Crescendo on Sunset Strip and managed to write at least one newspaper column each day, mainly for Hearst. First and still the best of the New Comedians whose specialty is topical humor, Mort Sahl, 33, is emerging as the most successful political satirist in the U.S., a sort of Will Rogers with fangs.

Blitz & Avarec. As usual, Sahl spared neither friend nor foe, but last week he concentrated his intramural rounds on Jack Kennedy. Mort wondered if the nation was searching for a "son-figure." The Senator, Mort suggested, was a natural for TV's *Father Knows Best*, and he noted that Kennedy's appearance on *College News Conference* made sense because "kids like to talk over problems with

someone their own age." Smoothing his edges somewhat when he appeared on the dais with Kennedy at Paul Butler's Beverly-Hilton dinner, Sahl pictured a line-up of war heroes getting their medals from President Truman in 1945. Harry, by Sahl's account, made the usual claim that he would rather have that medal than be President, and "all the guys agreed, except this thin lieutenant from Massachusetts."

Casting a miscellaneous eye, Sahl thought it not unlikely that, after the playing of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, Lenny Bernstein would come on-camera to explain it. Introducing "Mom" Walker, chief telephone operator at convention headquarters, Sahl said: "They have good exchanges for a convention—like RUthlessness, BLitz, AVarice and MACHine."

Deadline for Treason. Teeth flashing, head characteristically hobbing, muttering "Onward! Onward!" between jokes, Sahl always managed to seem surprised when people laughed. "I'm for capital punishment," he declared bitingly. "You've got to execute people—how else are they going to learn?" The line rivaled his best on birth control: "I says to my girl, 'I don't think birth control is a very important issue,' and she says, 'None of you do.'"

Naturally, some of Sahl's heaviest fire shot up the Republican Administration. "These people in Washington must know what they're doing or they wouldn't be there," he declared in tones of grudging admiration; then, turning the worm, he added: "And they're not there." On the same theme, Mort announced: "President Eisenhower is in charge of everything—whenever Nixon leaves the country."

Picking off the mighty and famous, Sahl got the surprise of the week when his angriest foe turned out to be his TV

sponsor, California Millionaire Bart Lytton (Lytton Savings & Loan Association). A Kennedy backer,* Lytton simmered in the control booth as Sahl and guests enthusiastically reviewed the merits of Adlai Stevenson on the air, finally barged into the studio and woofed into the microphone that the show was not "a Stevenson rally." Complained Sahl: "I have been accused of being everything except partisan. I have never been part of a group large enough to be called a minority." The sponsor later apologized, and Sahl merely dubbed the show *Bart Lytton Prevents*.

Eagerly sharpening knives for the Republican Convention in Chicago and for the campaign after that, Mort knows that he is under pressure. "I have only a few months to tell these jokes," he points out, "before they become treason."

DISK JOCKEYS

The Gone Coyote

Easily the least attractive product of Detroit since the exhaust pipe, Disk Jockey Tom Clay seemed to have hit the final groove last fall when, on the testimony of a rock-n-roll promoter sometimes known as Nivens the Nightshade, he was caught flat out accepting large scoops of payola. Clay candidly discussed his history on the take and became one of the most celebrated ex-deejays in the U.S. Last week DeeJay Clay was not only spinning once again, but to Detroit's shocked surprise, he was doing it for WQTE, a more-filtered-than-thou sort of radio station that had long bragged of its pure air and its superiority to rock-n-roll, vulgar whistles and echo chambers.

"Cutey is a great station, baby," said Clay to his listeners last week, rambling from one speckled inanity to another, eating a candy bar with exaggerated slurps, grunts and lip smacks so everyone could enjoy it with him. "I'm a flake. I tell my mother I'm a flake. I'm really unusual," he said, exhibiting new insights since his observation in the autumn that "I am such a sweet little guy." He bragged about the night he drove his Lincoln convertible to the parking lot of his former station, WJBK, sat there and bayed at the building like a gone coyote.

A single question kept buzzing into the switchboard at Cutey: "How did this happen?" Confesses the station's vice president, Richard Jones, "We've got to make money." Staggering toward the red, WQTE had settled for feet of Clay in order "to get the kids back." To keep their man out of stir, the station rigidly selects the records he plays; meanwhile, Sweet Little Tom is delivering the kids with inscrutable magic, personally answering all fan mail, writing with white ink on black paper.

© And a man of expensive imagination, Lytton had his swimming pool filled in to make room for more people at a party he gave last week at his Holmby Hills mansion, vowing among his guests with a microphone obviously pinned to his lapel so that his rasc and every word could be heard throughout the grounds over 39 loudspeakers strapped to the shrubbery.



Walter Bennett

MORT SAHL

Is the U.S. searching for a son-figure?

TIME, JULY 25, 1960



"BELLS ARE RINGING" right now for you at your record dealer's!

That's where you can hear Capitol's delightful soundtrack album from the tuneless new Judy Holliday-Dean Martin movie. *Time* pegs the musical "one of the year's liveliest and wittiest."

Oscar-winner Andre Previn adapted the songs from the hilarious stage hit about the romantic and electronic misadventures of a 'phone-answer-service operator who has a few wires crossed.

And Comden, Green and Styne have added new songs for the film to ones like *The Party's Over*, *Just in Time* and Judy's show-stopping *I'm Going Back*.

So, pick up the album—it's for you!



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EDUCATION

Reading on the Rise

"The overwhelming opinion of the nation's librarians is that young people are reading more and better books than ever before."

So say two New York City high school English teachers in *High Points*, a monthly published by New York's board of education. Their evidence: a survey of 73 library systems across the country.

At the Lancaster (Pa.) Free Public Library, youngsters borrowed eight times as many books in 1958 as in 1954. The population of Lincoln, Neb., has risen 30% in the past ten years, but book borrowing has doubled. At the 80 branches of New York City's public library system, up to half of last year's adult-book circulation came from borrowers aged 13 to 18. And the trend is away from shallow stuff. Toledo and Indianapolis wage a constant battle to replace literary classics worn out by youngsters. Other cities report that youngsters now borrow far more serious nonfiction books. "Today's teen-agers," says one veteran Manhattan librarian, "read about two years ahead of their counterparts 25 years ago."

Some librarians say that the upsurge has little to do with actual love of reading. Schools are simply shifting from pure textbook assignments to more research at the public library. Another big inducement is competition for college; the ill-read have the least chance with admissions men. And skeptics question how long the reading habit lasts.

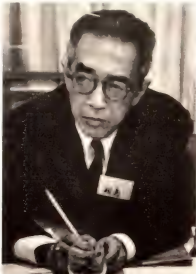
But even skeptical librarians agree, say the pollsters, that reading is rising among the young. One reason is the growing sale of attractive children's books. And contrary to gloomy predictions, TV encourages more reading. Margaret C. Scoggin, coordinator of Young Adult Services for New York public libraries, says that "any story which appears on TV immediately creates a demand for the book in the libraries." She thinks that the paperback boom also boosts library circulation: "The more a student reads, the more he wants to read, the more he buys, and the more he borrows." For more and more U.S. youngsters, says Agnes Krarup, head of the schools department of Pittsburgh's Carnegie Library, "to be well read has suddenly become the 'thing that is done.'"

Guarding a Tradition

For the mainland and the world, Formosa's refugee scholars guard a treasure: the tradition of humanistic and rationalistic China. But Formosa is losing intellectuals so fast that the tradition is endangered. Last week, at the University of Washington in Seattle, 100 Chinese and U.S. scholars discussed ways of saving it in a five-day Sino-American Conference on Intellectual Cooperation. Chief recommendation: fast aid from U.S. universities and foundations as well as the Government, which has given Formosa huge

sums for military defense but little for mental development.

Formosa has no lack of eager young minds. With elementary education now compulsory, the island boasts 2,000,000 students, or one-fifth of the population, in 2,000 schools and 21 colleges and universities. But full professors average only \$30 a month. With inadequate laboratories and libraries to work in, promising scholars desert the island. The U.S. now has nearly 4,000 Chinese students (mainly of science and engineering), more than those from any other country except Canada—and the Chinese seldom go home. Out of 700 science students who left For-



FORMOSA'S HU SHIH
Something to stay home for.

mosa for the U.S. in recent years, only 40 returned.

Critical Need. They leave behind a dwindling group of aging scholars, many past 70, who cannot cope with Formosa's critical need for research in many fields. Example: warehouses full of priceless documents, art and archaeological objects, which the Nationalists brought by the shipload in 1949. Without men or money to do the job, little of this treasure has even been catalogued.

A bright spot is Dr. Hu Shih, 68, philosopher, poet, historian, ex-diplomat, and China's most respected scholar. Anti-Communist Dr. Hu went off to live in the U.S. after the mainland collapse. But in 1957 the Nationalists persuaded him to head up the Academia Sinica, the nation's top research organization. His 100 scholars are now hard at work studying everything from the island's nine aborigine tribes to its 33-century collection of Chinese inscriptions. Last year Dr. Hu managed to double salaries for some professors, hopes to triple them this year. But his effort is

still hampered by lack of money and facilities in a country that spends 85% of its total budget on military defense.

Self-Help. In Seattle last week Dr. Hu and his colleagues came not as beggars but as bearers of self-help ideas. They want to increase exchange of scholars, students and artists with the U.S.—and give Formosa's intellectuals something to stay home for. They propose new cooperative ventures with U.S. universities, from science to Oriental religion. They emphasize that the island itself is a unique classroom for studying the mainland. One idea: a center to collate information on Communist China for Western scholars.

Most important, the Chinese feel that Formosa must become a truly thriving outpost of intellectual freedom for all of Asia. Said Dr. Hu, as he summed up the opportunity: "I believe I am justified to conclude that the men now in control of the Chinese mainland are still afraid of the spirit of freedom, the spirit of independent thinking, the courage to doubt, and the spirit and method of evidential thinking. . . . I believe the tradition of the humanistic and rationalistic China has not been destroyed."

Moth Is Fun

At the University of Illinois last week, a big man in a rumpled brown suit strode up to a blackboard and wrote: "times zero equals zero." Then he asked ten junior-high-school students to make the sentence "true" by filling in the blank. As 40 schoolteachers from as far away as Florida and Alaska looked on, the students excitedly gave Mathematician Max Beberman their answer: the sentence is already true because anything times zero equals zero. What the teachers saw were ninth-graders discovering a math principle entirely by themselves. This approach is so important to Beberman that he may not even tell new students the name of his subject. It is algebra, taught in a way that U.S. mathematicians consider the freshest reform in nearly a century.

Known as the University of Illinois Committee on School Mathematics, Beberman's nine-year-old project is an effort to give new life to the most irksome subject in U.S. high schools. Supported by \$600,000 in grants from the Carnegie Corp., Beberman's system was taught this year to 8,000 students in 95 secondary schools across the country. Next year it will reach 120 schools. The only problem is a shortage of teachers versed in the method. At 34, Beberman has a full life's work cut out for him training them.

Child's Language. As Beberman sees it, conventional high-school math "turns out rigid little computers with a limited range of programs." Often detesting the subject, teachers view it as such a painful manipulation of inscrutable symbols that they miss the underlying concepts. They either teach it mechanically or try to liven it up with "interesting" problems, e.g., computing interest. Such teaching is completely alien to the child's mind, says Beberman. "Children are not miniature adults. They



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have a thirst for the abstract and the world of fancy." They may even grasp math relationships faster than reading and writing. As famed Swiss Educator Jean Piaget put it after introducing complex topological math to six-year-olds: "They knew it anyway. It is the language and thought of the child."

All of this still escapes most math teachers. When they introduce equations, they hammer home superficial techniques. With a stern hand, the teacher writes $x+5=9$ on the blackboard. If a youngster pipes up that the "unknown" is 4, he is shushed. The teacher must first demonstrate the rigmarole of subtracting 5 from both sides of the equation to get 4. Says Beberman: "The student had a notion of what a variable really is—and probably for the last time."

Numbers v. Numerals. In his own elementary algebra course, Beberman first focuses on the semantic difference between a number and a numeral. One is a permanent concept, the other a mere name for it. A number has many aliases. Just as the same man may be called President, General, Ike or Eisenhower, so the word seven symbolizes an idea that can be equally well expressed as

$3+4$, $\frac{49}{7}$, $100-93$, 2×3.5 or $1+0=7$.

Beberman's business is pinpointing the numbers behind numerals.

What distinguishes his method is the emphasis on discovery. To find out algebra's basic laws for themselves, Beberman's students solve similar problems until the concept involved becomes clear. On the second day, they work at such disarming exercises as stating whether it is true that $---+984=984+793$. The point is to discover that adding numerals in varying orders does not affect the sum. Later they watch a movie projector running backward and forward, extract the rules of positive and negative multiplication. Then they see two unpunctuated signs: "Slow Children at Play" and "Save Rags and Waste Paper," a good case for algebraic brackets and parentheses. It takes time, concedes Beberman. "But we feel that every child needs to experience the delight of a researcher when he stumbles on a new principle."

Billy Smith's Law. To spur interest, a law's proper name is not revealed until long after students have grown skilled at using it. Meanwhile, they make up their own names. A class may find itself with a Billy Smith Law, or using the symbol a which one student invented for "approximately equal to." Teachers are expected to lead students as far as they will explore.

How well does it work? In the past five years, Beberman's students at the university's laboratory school have won first prize four times in Illinois in the Mathematics Association of America's national math contest, won second prize the fifth time. "Teaching is not lecturing or telling things," says he. "Teaching is devising a sequence of questions which enables kids to become aware of generalizations by themselves."



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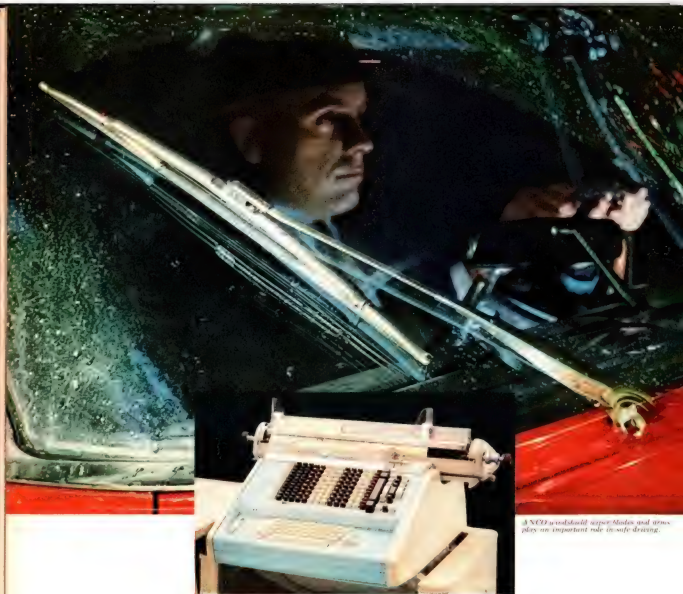
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MUSIC

Opera's Grand Trouper

The opera performed at the Metropolitan that evening was Verdi's *Falstaff*, with an unknown "cover" singer filling in for the ailing Spanish Baritone Vincente Ballester in the role of the wealthy burgher Ford. In the second act Ford sang his famous monologue *E sognei? a realtà?* and shortly made his exit. As the orchestra launched into the music of the act's second scene, the audience began chanting an unfamiliar name: "Tibbett! Tibbett! Tibbett!" Conductor Tullio Serafin waved his orchestra to silence and through the gold curtain stepped a slim young man with a putty-shaped nose to acknowledge an ovation that stopped the opera for 20 minutes.

That night in 1925 marked the beginning of Baritone Lawrence Tibbett's operatic career—although for the rest of the season he was to continue in minor roles because he had not yet had time to learn major ones. A large (6 ft. 1 in., 200 lbs.), imposing man, Tibbett had a big, bronzelike, dramatically eloquent voice that combined ringing power with remarkable agility, which he liked to demonstrate for friends by singing through entire operas, assuming not only the baritone but the tenor parts as well. Moreover, Tibbett was one of the few opera stars whose acting ability matched his voice; trained in stock (as a young man he toured with Tyrone Power Sr. in Shakespeare) and later in Hollywood, he brought an entirely new quality of professionalism to the opera stage, creating some of the most memorable characterizations in Metropolitan history.

Booming Voice. In a career that spanned more than a quarter-century, Tibbett ranged through more than 70 roles. He was never a leading Wagnerian, instead concentrated on the great baritone roles of the Italian repertory: Iago in *Otello*, the elder Germont in *Traviata*, Scarpia in *Tosca*, Amonasso in *Aida*. For Tibbett the Met scheduled rarely performed operas such as Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*, and it was Tibbett, a longtime champion of English-language opera, who created the baritone roles in such contemporary American operas as Deems Taylor's *The King's Henchman* and *Peter Ibbotson*. To the title role of Louis Gruenberg's *The Emperor Jones* he brought an eerie sense of terror, sending his great voice booming among the dwarfish, tree-like forms that grew grotesquely on the Met's shadowy stage.

Tibbett was that rarest of opera stars, a singer born and trained in the U.S., with no European experience. The son of a Bakersfield, Calif., sheriff who was killed in a gun battle with bandits, Tibbett grew up in Los Angeles, sang in the high school glee club, earned small fees singing at funerals. After serving in World War I, he embarked on a professional acting career, but soon found himself singing the musical prologues to silent films at Holly-



TIBBETT AS FORD IN "FALSTAFF"



IN "THE EMPEROR JONES"



IN "SIMON Boccanegra"

A link between art and entertainment.

wood's old Grauman Theater. On borrowed money he traveled to New York, auditioned for the Met twice before he was signed to a \$60-a-week contract. He was just 26, and it was not until two years later that his name hit the headlines in *Falstaff*.

Box-Office Glitter. Tibbett always had a faint distrust of grand opera's grand pretensions. The music of Jerome Kern, he used to argue, was as good as many an imported classic. When critics roasted him for including *Old Man River* in a program of operatic excerpts, he responded by including it in almost every recital he sang after that. He also laced his concert programs with popular tranquilizers—*De Glory Road*, *Gwine to Hebb'n*, *At Dawning*. Tibbett probably made more money than his contemporaries because he was the first to exploit the box-office glitter of the Met's name in the world of show business—a practice that Rudolf Bing later frowned upon. He became one of the first U.S. opera singers to make a movie. *The Rogue Song*, followed it up with a string of schmaltzy operettas: *New Moon*, *Cuban Love Song*, *Under Your Spell*. While at the Met he sang on *The Voice of Firestone*, followed Frank Sinatra as the star of *Your Hit Parade* at \$4,000 a week.

After he retired from the Met in 1950, Tibbett campaigned for more televised opera, explained that he wanted to cultivate a new audience for opera, unhampered by the kind of snobbery that was fostered in the boxes of the Golden Horseshoe. He had, in fact, created a new operatic audience long before television was born. When he died last week at 63, following head surgery, he was only a name to a whole younger generation of opera-goers. But he left behind not only the echoes of a great voice but the memory of a performer who could feel equally at home with high art and popular entertainment, suggesting that there is a magical link between the two.

Best Since Beecham?

Colin Davis learned his trade by retiring to his London flat, beating out rhythms to phonograph records, and casting furtive glances at his image reflected in a picture on the wall. He had only one professional conducting lesson, learned the conductor's motions by scanning instruction books. But last fortnight Colin Davis, 32, was named principal conductor of the Sadler's Wells Opera and invited by the ailing Sir Thomas Beecham, 81, to assist him at the Glyndebourne Festival. Said Beecham, majestically speaking of himself in the third person: "Sir Thomas hopes that under these conditions nothing untoward will happen, and it gives him great pleasure to initiate a collaboration which, he trusts, will continue for many years."

The appointment confirmed what English critics have been saying for more than a year: Davis is the most promising conducting talent to appear in England since Sir Thomas himself rose to fame. He is not a spectator's conductor. A solidly built, shock-haired man with a Mozartean profile, he conducts spiritedly but has

none of the balletic exuberance of Bernstein or the smooth elegance of Sir Adrian Boult or the icily imperious quality of Reiner. Nor are his performances flamboyantly colored: where Beecham's Mozart tends to be effusively loving, Davis' is simple and unaffected. He combines grace with precision, gravity with rhythmic bite. His performances of even so familiar a score as Mozart's *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* often have the effect of surprise—not because of any personal eccentricities, but because Davis has the gift of illuminating faded colors and of silhouetting the thrust of familiar line and phrase.

Davis started his musical career playing clarinet in the school band near home in Weybridge, Surrey. Later he played in the band of the Household Cavalry, soon knew he wanted to be a conductor: "I suppose you can only compare it with a religious conversion. Suddenly the spirit reveals itself to you; suddenly you understand what music is all about."

The "nearest thing to professional training" that Clarinetist Davis got was the opportunity to play under, and observe, Conductor Fritz Busch as a member of the Glyndebourne Orchestra. Davis then led a number of small instrumental and singing groups, was eventually hired as assistant conductor by both Sadler's Wells and the BBC's Scottish Orchestra. Last fall he took over on 24 hours' notice for the ailing Otto Klemperer, conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra in a widely acclaimed concert performance of *Don Giovanni*.

Conductor Davis, who will make his first appearance in the U.S. next December by the Minneapolis Symphony, seems to lack only one major podium qualification: a king-sized ego. Not long ago, at the completion of a concert in London's Royal Festival Hall, Davis won an ovation from the audience. He looked at his orchestra, flabbergasted. "This is ridiculous!" said he, and left the stage.



CONDUCTOR DAVIS
Illuminating faded colors.



William E. McGonaghey

MASK DRILL ON U.S. NUCLEAR SUBMARINE "SKATE"
What works below the water may work above the atmosphere.

Fresh Air in the Depths

When the submarine *Nautilus* in Jules Verne's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* needed a new air supply, it came to the surface, blew noisily like a winded whale and filled its reservoirs with two days' supply of compressed air. This simple system was good enough for the imaginary *Nautilus* of 1870, but the real SS(N) *Nautilus* and her nuclear sisters of the modern U.S. Navy need better air, and are designed to stay submerged for months on end. In *Naval Research Reviews* the Naval Research Laboratory tells how their little worlds are kept almost as fresh as a sloop tacking into the wind.

Cruising endlessly under water, the Navy's subs have a private atmosphere all their own in which a single supply of air is breathed again and again. Whenever the oxygen level gets low, huge high-pressure cylinders of oxygen refresh the air, and there is also an electrolytic cell that turns sea water into oxygen and hydrogen, shooting the latter out of the submarine. For emergencies, the Naval Research Laboratory has provided ingenious "candles" made of sodium chlorate and powdered iron. When they are ignited, they emit oxygen, not the carbon dioxide that is given off by ordinary candles.

Gas & Dust. Oxygen alone is not enough. As the crew breathes, it contaminates the air with exhaled carbon dioxide. In older subs the way to get rid of it was to absorb most of it in a caustic such as lithium hydroxide. The nuclear subs must have a far more elaborate system: second-hand air is passed through a liquid containing monoethanolamine, which absorbs carbon dioxide at room temperature, is then heated, and releases the gas so that it can be piped out of the sub.

A more dangerous gas is odorless car-

bon monoxide, which is produced by tobacco smoking and could kill off the entire crew unless it is removed. Then there is hydrogen, which emanates from batteries, can form an explosive mixture if as little as 4% accumulates anywhere. The smelly organic vapors from garbage and human sources must also be removed. Most of this unwanted stuff is eliminated by a hot catalyst that oxidizes it to CO₂ and water. All traces of organic matter that escape the catalyst are mopped up by a bed of activated carbon, and finally an electrostatic precipitator removes the last aerosols (dust or smoke particles) from the sub's fresh, clean world. In case of an atmosphere-fouling emergency, the crew can plug gas masks into a piped air supply.

Even better equipment is in the labs. The Navy is working on a magical electrolytic cell containing a sodium sulphate solution. When an electric current passes through it, oxygen bubbles off from one electrode. An acid is formed in the solution at the same electrode, and a caustic accumulates at the other electrode. The caustic can be withdrawn and used to absorb carbon dioxide from the sub's atmosphere. When it is then remixed with the acid from the other electrode, the carbon dioxide separates and can be pumped out of the submarine. What remains is the same sodium sulphate with which the cycle started. When this system is at work cleaning and oxygenating the air, a nuclear submarine will be able to stay under water as long as its crew can stand being cooped up together.

On to Space. What works in the ocean depths may also work far out in the airless reaches of space. The apparatus to

* The "barmaid," not standard equipment on nuclear submarines, is a pinup beer ad.

provide breathable air for long journeys aloft will have to use the same oxygen many times. Lacking space for large oxygen tanks, the scientists will have to find a way to extract oxygen from carbon dioxide formed by the crewmen's breathing. Algae can do the trick when exposed to light, and while giving off oxygen they grow, providing an unpalatable but fairly nutritious food. But algae are hard to keep growing without a plentiful supply of water, so the Navy is looking for something better. By working in present-day submarines, it hopes to find the answers for future spacecraft.

Magnet for Mysteries

Magnetism is one of nature's fundamental forces, but in many respects scientists know little about it. Last week Massachusetts Institute of Technology announced an attack on the elusive mysteries. With \$6,000,000 from the U.S. Air Force, M.I.T. will build an ambitious laboratory devoted solely to the study of magnetism. Main feature: the world's most powerful electromagnet—a giant coil that will maintain a continuous magnetic field of 250,000 gauss, some 500,000 times stronger than the earth's magnetic field.

Scientists expect M.I.T.'s great instrument to yield important discoveries in dozens of different fields. A considerable part of the laboratory's work will be in solid-state physics (transistors and related electronic devices), which is deeply involved with magnetism. Another department will deal with plasmas, those little-understood ionized gases that obey magnetism as promptly as liquids obey gravitation, and hold the key both to the internal behavior of stars and the design of fusion reactors for power plants.

Microbe Zoo

The narrow, three-story brick building at 2112 M Street in Georgetown looks as ordinary as any structure in the District of Columbia. But in the refrigerators that cram its rooms are germs of the world's most terrible diseases. Close beside them are beneficial bugs that flavor cheeses, and turn grain into beer. Last week this microbe zoo was preparing to add another class of inmate: cultures of cells from higher animals, such as cancer cells.

The American Type Culture Collection—the zoo's official name—is the world's biggest bank of microorganisms. Operating under grants from foundations and Government agencies, the zoo is depended upon by scientific and industrial patrons to supply them with bugs that are "standard," meaning that they will behave as they are supposed to behave. Keeping microorganisms standard is not easy. When they are permitted to multiply freely, they often mutate, changing their character. The remedy, explains Director William A. Clark, is to put the bugs in a state of suspended animation.

Double Vials. One way to quiet them down is freeze-drying. A culture of bacteria is set to growing in a nutrient broth. When the crop is big enough, a sample is put into a cotton-stoppered vial inside a

bigger vial, and frozen solid. When the air is pumped out of the vial, the frozen water departs as vapor, leaving a dry residue that looks like an aspirin tablet and contains perhaps 1,000,000 deeply sleeping germs. Some germs will live for 20 years in this state, and can be awakened by adding nutrient. Thus encouraged, they multiply—and then can be put back to sleep again for another 20 years.

From all over the U.S. and from many foreign countries come orders for Dr. Clark's microscopic sleeping beauties. The ATCC made more than 8,000 shipments in 1959. Disease germs went mostly to medical schools and drug companies (no amateurs need apply for plague or typhoid), but nonharmful cultures went to everybody who asked. High schools got standardized bacteria for biology experiments at the bargain price of \$2 per vial.

For **Cheese & Hides**, Dr. Clark does not ask the reason for industrial requests, but he can guess that an order for *Penicillium*



BACTERIOLOGIST CLARK
Rocking the bugs to sleep.

camemberti or *Penicillium roqueforti* came from a person with cheese making on his mind. *Aspergillus flavus*, which produces an enzyme that breaks down protein, may be intended for use in dehairing hides, or perhaps to remove the protein that makes beer cloudy when chilled. Chemical companies often call for molds or bacteria to make such things as citric acid for soft drinks. Airplane manufacturers order fungi to test the mildew proofing of their airplanes. Three strains of mutated *Staphylococcus aureus*, a contribution from Russia, are used for screening anti-cancer drugs.

With new bugs arriving, the ATCC's little building is bursting at the seams. But Director Clark is always on the lookout for more; the earth swarms with microspecimens that he feels could do service by taking a long, standardizing sleep in his refrigerators and liquid nitrogen tanks.



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SPORT

Five in the Pool

The U.S. tossed an impressive challenge at Australia's confident women swimmers last week in the pretty form of five frolicking California teen-agers. Gambolling around Indianapolis' huge Broad Ripple Pool like schoolgirls at summer camp, the youthful quintet laughingly struck kooky, cross-eyed poses for photographers, completely captivated the capacity crowd, and set A.A.U. officials rewriting the record books. In just three days at the Women's A.A.U. Swimming Championships, three world and ten American records were smashed, and tarnished U.S. aquatic prestige was suddenly enhanced.

The girls and their records:

☐ Carolyn House, 14, a sturdy, 5-ft. 4-in. blonde from Los Angeles who still sports braces on her teeth and looks young enough to crash the ticket gate for half fare, gracefully stroked her way to a new American record of 19 min. 45 sec. in the 1,500-meter freestyle, longest and most grueling of all swimming events.

☐ Chris von Saltza, 16, a seasoned, polished veteran and the chief U.S. Olympic hope in the shorter freestyle distances, who first thrashed to a new U.S. record of 1 min. 1.6 sec. in the 100-meter freestyle returned to crack another in the 400-meter freestyle (4 min. 46.9 sec.), broke a third by swimming the 200-meter freestyle in 2:15.1.

☐ Lynn Burke, 17, a backstroke specialist from Santa Clara Swim Club, who broke two world records on successive days: in the 200-meter backstroke, pushed by Teammate Von Saltza, Lynn hit 2 min. 33.5 sec., a full 3.6 sec. faster than the world mark set by Japan's Satoko Tanaka earlier this year; in the 100-meter backstroke, she clocked an equally astonishing

time—1 min. 10.1 sec., knocking nine-tenths of a second from the world mark.

☐ Ann Warner, 16, another Santa Clara star, pretty and blonde, who won the 200-meter breaststroke by 7.5 sec., set a new U.S. record of 2 min., 53.3 sec.

☐ Donna de Varona, 13, a 102-lb. minnow from Berkeley, who turned in the most stunning performance of the meet. Trailing World Record-holder Sylvia Ruuska by two strokes in the last lap of the exacting 400-meter individual medley (butterfly, backstroke, breaststroke and freestyle), Donna summoned a last burst of speed, overtook 18-year-old Sylvia in the final yards, broke the world record by almost 3 sec.

Tigerbelles for Rome

At the U.S. women's Olympic track-and-field trials in Abilene, Texas last week, the most conspicuous onlooker was a chunky, intense young Negro with a pencil-thin mustache, who seemed to be all over the field. Between races, he paced the infield grass incessantly. At the finish line, hands clenched, chest thrust forward, his face a mask of rigid concentration, he pantomimed the runners breaking the tape. When the trials were over, the results were surprisingly good, and the credit belonged largely to 29-year-old Edward S. Temple, coach of Tennessee State University's "Tigerbelles."

No fewer than five Tigerbelles won berths on the squad that travels to Rome next month. And with them, as Olympic coach, goes Ed Temple who, almost singlehanded, has assured the U.S. of its best female Olympic representation since 1932, when the U.S., led by Babe Didrikson, swept all but one of the six women's track-and-field events. Temple's credo: "I tell the girls, if we're gonna run, let's run.

BASEBALL'S BEST

AMERICAN LEAGUE

TEAM: New York (by 13 games)
PITCHER: Daley, Kansas City (12-5)
BATTER: Gentile, Baltimore (.326)
HR: Maris, New York (28)
RBI: Maris, New York (71)

NATIONAL LEAGUE

TEAM: Pittsburgh (by 3 games)
PITCHER: Law, Pittsburgh (11-4)
BATTER: Mays, San Francisco; Larker, Los Angeles (.347)
HR: Banks, Chicago (26)
RBI: Banks, Chicago (76)

If we're gonna be spectators, then let's get up in the stands where we belong."

For Temple and his girls, the path to the 1960 Olympics has been paved with hard work and Spartan self-denial. Himself a Tennessee State sprinter until he hurt his leg, Temple took over as women's track coach after earning his master's degree in 1953 and set out to make it one of the college's top teams. He scoured the South for promising sprinters, labored successfully to increase his allotment of athletic scholarships from two to ten. A mark of his progress: at Tennessee State, primarily a top-rank basketball school (national small-college champions in 1957-59), women's track is now a major sport, men's track a minor. Temple's training methods are exacting. "We train the European way," he says. "No play: just hard work." In the months preceding last week's trials, the Tigerbelles refused dates, dined carefully, were up at 5 a.m. each day for exhausting, lengthy workouts, went back in the afternoon for another two hours of technique polishing.

Temple's severe discipline has paid off. His girls have won the national indoor and outdoor women's championships for each of the past six years. At the trials, led by willowy Wilma Rudolph—who set a world record of 23.9 sec. in the 200-meter dash earlier this month—the Tigerbelles prompted Temple to the euphoric hope that the U.S. women might surprise the heavily favored Australians, Russians and British at Rome.

Sprinter Rudolph won both the 100 meters (11.9 sec.) and 200 meters (23.9 sec.), will anchor a 200-meter Olympic relay team composed exclusively of Tennessee State sprinters, is a good prospect for three Olympic gold medals. Tigerbelle Shirley Crowder, with an aiding wind, tied the U.S. citizens' record of 11.4 in the 80-meter hurdles, and Willie B. White, a former Tennessee State student, broad-jumped 20 ft. 4½ in. to break the U.S. record. Record-cracking Olympic trial performances by Los Angeles Housewife Earlene Brown in the discus (176 ft. 10½ in.) and shotput (50 ft. 10½ in.) and San Diego's Karen Oldham in the javelin (161 ft. 5½ in.) demonstrated fair U.S. strength in the field events. Said Temple: "We've got a chance. We'll have to wait and see."



SWIMMERS VON SALTZA, WARNER, BURKE, DE VARONA

Cute, captivating—and look out!



ART: (CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT) WOODS, GARDNER, AND THE FINEST; (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP) MARRAS, SHARPE, FINE, AND SHARP

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—writes Susan Barad, who learned the magnetic power of the Rum Collins in Puerto Rico.

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Mel had been buzzing all over Puerto Rico, inspecting sites for a textile plant. But finally I persuaded him to come shopping in Old San Juan. He behaved like a lamb till he saw that Rum Collins. Then—no more shopping.

I must admit Mel had some excuse. He was tired, poor dear. And that dry, white Puerto Rican rum gives a long

drink the zip and tingle of a cocktail.

One bartender told us that Puerto Rican rum got its extra dry zip from being distilled at high proof. Another said it was the aging that did it. A third said, "Piffle! It's all because of our mountain water."

All I know is, my husband now flatly refuses to buy any brand of rum unless the words *Puerto Rican Rum* are on the label. He may seem fussy. But he's right.

RUM COLLINS

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ribbons of main and access concrete highways that lead him to and from his home and his work.

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The Lehigh Portland Cement Company's plants, located in eleven states and with a capacity of 31,000,000 barrels, produce cements for structures as diverse as piers and poultry runs.

THE PRESS

Kennedy & the Press

As he moves into the second half of his campaign, Jack Kennedy starts off with what is undoubtedly the best press of any presidential candidate in modern history. Thus an old Democratic lament is finally laid to rest, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman and Adlai Stevenson all raised repeated charges, imagined or not, against "distortions" suffered at the hands of the so-called "one-party" press. For "one party," everyone was supposed to read "Republican." But since announcing his candidacy last January, Kennedy has not done much complaining about his press treatment. He has had no reason.

Never in recent times has a presidential contender of either party earned, wheedled, extorted—and perhaps deserved—such handsome press notices as were flung like roses in Kennedy's triumphal path at Los Angeles last week. The cartoonists were still having trouble capturing their man, though they were trying hard (see cuts). But the big journalistic guns of the convention—the political columnists—all thought they knew Kennedy, and they liked what they saw. Joseph Alsop, who wears gloom like a toga, was very nearly radiant. "The Senator," he wrote, "has a peculiarly effective public personality, with a strong, immediate appeal to almost every class and group of voters. The Democrats have not merely chosen a formidable contestant; they have chosen a truly remarkable man, full of promise, with a strength and stature no one can doubt."

Praising His Looks. Alsop's colleagues were not far behind. Scripps-Howard Columnist Andrew Tully wrote glowingly of the candidate's heroic character: "This was the Jack Kennedy who saved a PT-boat crew in the Pacific's wartime waters." Smiled the *Herald Tribune's* Roscoe Drummond: "He is pleasant to know." Walter Lippmann paid tribute to "his youth, his sharp and trained intelligence, and his undoubted popular magnetism." Even the New York *Post's* sour-tempered Murray Kempton broke down and confessed that the young man from Boston was "an engaging fellow"—thereby leaving Westbrook Pegler almost alone to carry the dissent: "A hard, selfish politician with no warm emotional ties."

When they were not praising Kennedy's good looks, charm and character, the press was busy equipping him with symbols befitting the new look in politicians. To a man, the pundits saluted what New York *Times* Washington Bureau Chief James Reston called "the changing of the guard." Like everyone else, Reston arrived at the convention predicting a Kennedy landslide. "Kennedy did not come to Los Angeles to negotiate the nomination, but merely to pick up the loving cup he had won," Said Syndicated Columnist Marquis Childs: "A new kind of party is coming into being." Or as the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch's* Raymond P. Brandt put it,

"the Massachusetts Senator has virtually assured himself [of victory] over the old-line professional politicians." All in all, concluded Lippmann, the Democrats "feel, perhaps rightly, that they are riding the wave of the future."

Pushing It Along. Last week's tributes were little more than Kennedy had been getting all along the campaign trail. As his handwagon gathered headway, the press sometimes even appeared to help push it along. One reason that Kennedy looked so good in the crucial Wisconsin and West Virginia primaries was that the Kennedy camp's shrewdly calculated pre-primary misgivings had been widely heralded in the press, adding immeasurable luster to the ultimate victories.

The press itself recognized its considerable contributions to the Kennedy campaign. Said Columnist William S. White, who is also Washington man for *Harper's Magazine*: "The press was partly responsible for the [Kennedy] landslide. It made Kennedy's nomination inevitable days before it actually was." Earl Mazo, author (*Richard Nixon: A Political and Personal Portrait*) and national political correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune*, agreed: "Probably he'd have made it anyway, but the press gave him a big psychological boost by presenting his claims so affirmatively."

No More Complaints. Much of Kennedy's good press was appropriate and fitting. As the front-running, hardest-driving and by far the most engaging contender, Kennedy made more news than anyone else, and deserved the extensive play he received. His well-lubricated public-relations machine was also stunningly effective in wooing newsmen. Long before Los Angeles, reporters discovered that Kennedy's able and imaginative aides were ever ready to accommodate a soliciting newsmen with inside stories, exclusives and audiences with the leader. Said Kennedy Press Secretary Pierre Salinger: "Most of the press covered the convention by camping on my doorstep."

The road to November is difficult, and no one—at least of all Jack Kennedy—could predict with any confidence what lay in store on the front pages of the nation. But no one—most of all Jack Kennedy—could with justice lodge any more complaints about the so-called one-party press.

© Sample: the New York *Times* front-paged a story from California by William H. Lawrence describing a tactic with which Johnson hoped to stop the Kennedy handwagon psychology at the convention by pushing through a new rule that would prevent delegations from changing their vote after the initial roll call of states. The story was obviously made up out of whole cloth, as the *Times* found out next day when they had Lyndon Johnson to lunch. Said Johnson, as later reported in the *Times*: "Although I spent a good deal of the day with New York *Times* reporters, the first I knew about it was when I read it in the papers. How false it was could have been revealed by a simple check of the Johnson manager, Speaker Rayburn, or myself. This was not done."



JENNIFER L. TAYLOR



KIRKPATRICK STAR



ALBERT TIMES-UNION



IN THIRTEEN NEWS



N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE



N.Y. JOURNAL AMERICAN



CHICAGO SUN TIME



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BRUNING

ALL YOUR BRUNING MAN

Snow Job

One of the Chinese Communists' favorite friends in the West is Old China Hand Edgar Parks Snow, 55, who made his first trek to northwest China to visit them in 1936, interviewed Mao Tse-tung, and has remained a faithful apologist ever since. In 1937 he published *Red Star Over China*, glorifying Mao and his men, has been affiliated with Communist-front groups. He argues for U.S. recognition of Red China. Last week Snow was back in China to finish gathering material for a biography of Leader Mao—thanks to Cowles Magazines, Inc.

When Snow first wrote the State Department asking for permission last May, he was turned down because his publishing house, Random House, Inc., was not one of the 30-odd news-gathering agencies authorized to apply for passports to Red China. He promptly got himself designated as the representative of Cowles's *Look* Magazine and applied again. The State Department felt—and frankly told Cowles executives—that Snow could hardly be considered an objective reporter. "When we instituted this program," explained a State spokesman, "we wanted objective reporting in depth, and now Cowles comes along with someone we feel cannot be objective."

Nevertheless, Cowles persisted, and the State Department reluctantly validated the passport. Within three days the Chinese Foreign Ministry granted Snow his visa, though it has rejected countless applications from other newsmen over the past few years. "The speed," said the State Department, "speaks for itself." Lest anyone think that Snow's case might set a precedent, the Chinese explained that Snow was not in China as a newsmen at all. He was there merely as the guest of a friend, New Zealand Expatriate and longtime Chinese Communist Propagandist Rewi Alley, with whom Snow is staying in Peking.

The Constant Companion

Theodore C. Link, a husky, gentle-voiced man of 55, has spent much of his life in companionship with violence. As a combat marine during World War II, he fought through the landings on Guadalcanal, Guam and Bougainville. As the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch's* tough, tireless crime reporter for 30 years, Ted Link has coolly padded through the back alleys of the underworld, has probably written more about crime than any other U.S. newsmen. Last week, as usual, violence was Reporter Ted Link's companion. This time, it was his own doing.

Summoned home from an assignment in New York by word that his summer cottage 50 miles west of St. Louis had burned to the ground, Link picked up his eleven-year-old son Ted Jr. and set out by car for the scene. Before he left, he slipped a loaded .38-caliber revolver into his pocket; on the way, he stopped in the little town of Grover, Mo. and made a purchase: a 12-gauge shotgun and two magnum shells.

When the Links arrived at the ruins, they found a man poking through the ashes with a hoe. Link knew him well. He was Clarence W. Calvin, 35, an odd-job man with a local police record for disturbing the peace—and until a few hours before, part-time caretaker at the Link cottage. Suspecting that Calvin had something to do with a recent rash of cottage burglaries, as well as with the fire, Link had reached Calvin by phone, had discharged him before leaving St. Louis.

The two men exchanged angry words. A shotgun roared, then again, then three pistol reports. Calvin fell dead, riddled by two shotgun charges and bullet wounds in the head and chest.

Before a coroner's jury, convened after the killing, Link was a cooperative wit-



Paul Ostrass—St. Louis Globe-Democrat
Reporter LINK & STATE TROOPER
This time it was his own doing.

ness. He said that Calvin had rushed him, brandishing the three-pronged hoe, with "a terrible expression on his face." Link told how he had run to a tree against which he had leaned the shotgun, fired twice. Calvin kept coming. Link went for his .38 and slammed out three more shots. "It was either him or me," he said.

But Ted Link Jr. had another story to tell. "The man was sitting at the picnic table, and the shotgun went off," said the son. "I turned and heard the second shot. My dad was standing over the man and fired the pistol three times."

The jury returned a verdict of "homicide by gunshot wounds," which left it up to Franklin County Prosecutor Charles Hansen. He said that he was dissatisfied with the discrepancy between the accounts of father and son. The case would go before a grand jury, where Crime Reporter Ted Link could be indicted for murder.

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A good college education today costs as much as \$65 a week. But, the same education can be bought with much less financial strain if you start now, putting \$9.50 a week into U. S. Savings Bonds. At college age there will be more than \$11,000—and over \$2,750 of it will come entirely from interest. That's like getting a whole year of college free.

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Summer Breathe

With the nation in a vacation mood last week, business also seemed to be taking a breather. The Federal Reserve Board reported that the industrial production index declined in June by 1% to 109 of the 1957 average, due primarily to the cut in steel production. This left the index two points lower than the high of 111 last January. But if production was off a bit, consumer buying in June (\$18.7 billion) was a record for the month.

The number of people employed was also a June record—68,579,000—the Labor Department reported last week. But the greatest number of young summer job seekers in history sent unemployment soaring to 4,400,000, or 5.5% of the labor force. Of the 2,300,000 June increase in the labor force, all but 100,000 were boys and girls 14 to 19 years of age.

Competition Closes In

As second-quarter earnings reports began to come out last week, many a company reported record sales and earnings. For others, the news about profits was less gay. They complained about the cost-price squeeze and increased competition. Companies with higher and in some cases record first-half earnings per share were:

	1960	1959
IBM	\$4.19	\$3.51
Westinghouse Electric	\$1.14	\$.96
Allied Chemical	\$1.55	\$1.40
Scott Paper	\$1.66	\$1.48
Parke, Davis	\$1.02	\$.93
P. R. Mallory	\$1.32	\$1.30
Heyden Newport Chemical	\$.82	\$.60

There was also a summer sprinkling of dividend increases. Ford Motor Co. boosted the quarterly dividend from 60¢ to 75¢ and R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. from 55¢ to 65¢.

Companies reporting lower earnings per share in the first half were:

	1960	1959
General Electric	\$1.26	\$1.34
St. Regis Paper	\$1.20	\$1.54
A. & P.	\$.63	\$.66

(13 weeks ending May 28)

The earnings outlook for the second half is toward narrower profit margins, the Commerce Department said last week. "Profit ratios generally narrow," said the department, "after a cyclical upswing has been in progress for some time." The department reported that in the first quarter, profits rose to the annual pre-tax rate of \$48.8 billion, up \$4 billion from the last quarter of 1959, and up \$1.8 billion above the rate for all of last year. Budget Director Maurice Stans says it is "a little premature" to forecast the corporate profit rate for 1960, but he cautions that the Government's revenue forecasts of \$84 billion "will certainly be squeezed if earnings are anything less than \$51 billion for the year."

WALL STREET

The Yankee Tinkerers

(See Cover)

The most fascinating phenomenon on Wall Street these days is the spectacular rise of the growth and glamour stocks. For investors who knew how to choose well, they have made some tidy profits. They have also created a new class of management millionaires who rank with the Rockefellers and the big rich of Texas, and who prove that—despite high taxes—it is still quite possible in the U.S. to get impressively rich in a short time.

Among listed growth stocks, none has risen faster than one that appears on the ticker tape as FAV—for Fairchild Camera & Instrument Corp. An investor who bought \$1,000 worth of Fairchild stock when it was selling at its 1958 low of 19½, and held onto it, last week would have had nearly \$18,000 worth of stock. Fairchild makes a long list of imaginative products, ranging from a new silicon semiconductor to the first 8-mm. home sound motion-picture camera. It is one of the Street's most cherished buys, ranking with such rapid risers as Texas Instru-

ments (72½ to 214½ in 18 months), Polaroid (97½ to 215½) and Universal Match (46½ to 271½ on a pre-split basis).

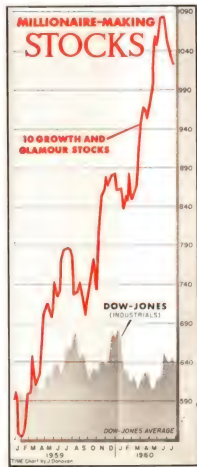
A big part of Fairchild Camera's magic lies in the man who lent it—and several other companies—his name: Sherman Mills Fairchild, 64. Fairchild talks about his present and future products with all the excitement of a 20-year-old with his first sports car. He is the epitome of the new scientist-businessman-inventor who is the driving force behind the success of the growth and glamour stocks. Cut from the same Yankee tinkerer mold as Ben Franklin, Thomas Edison and Henry Ford, he never got an engineering degree—yet has more than two dozen patents in his name. He flatly says, "I have no urge to make money"—yet has piled up a fortune of more than \$80 million.

Many Faces. A man of amazing versatility, Fairchild invented the first practical aerial camera when only 23, and to carry it, designed the first U.S. plane with a cabin for both pilot and passengers. He founded Fairchild Engine & Airplane Corp. and Fairchild Camera, of which he owns 22%. He is the biggest stockholder in International Business Machines (99,864 shares), which his father helped found, and one of the biggest of Pan American World Airways, which he helped build.

His interests range far beyond science and business. His love for popular music led him to found the Fairchild Recording Equipment Corp., a high-quality manufacturer of sound reproduction products. His enthusiasms include architecture (he helped design his own house), cooking (he studied at Paris' Cordon Bleu cooking school), jazz (he plays a competent hot piano), dancing, philosophy, tennis and—since he is one of Manhattan's most eligible bachelors—beautiful women. Almost anything can touch off a new interest: irritated one day at the way his matches blew out in the wind while he tried to light a cigarette, he designed a match that could not be blown out by cutting a slot below the matchhead for air currents to pass through.

Searching in Garages. The phenomenon of growth and glamour stocks is, not surprisingly, one of Fairchild's greatest interests. "Growth is an old story to me," he says, "I've been a stockholder in IBM all my life. A growth situation gets down to the question of an analysis of human needs. People are getting more money and more leisure time continually. To offset the cost of this, we are increasing our human efficiency to pay ourselves added benefits. That is the kind of business, for example, that IBM is in—enabling people to do more so that they can have more rewards from life."

To thousands of investors from Wall Street to Walla Walla, the way to get the rewards—in the bank account—is to find another IBM, Fairchild Camera, Polaroid or Texas Instruments to invest in. Across the U.S. roam sharp-eyed stock analysts





COURTYARD OF FAIRCHILD'S HOME
With immense confidence in the U.S. economy and in the ability to influence it.



FAIRCHILD WITH PHONOGRAPH TURNTABLE

searching out their quarry in the laboratories of big corporations, where a new product might mean a new industry, in dilapidated factories, where old businesses may transform themselves with new ideas, or in cellars and converted garages, where a new business may have just been born. The happy hunting ground of the new firms is the over-the-counter market, home of unlisted stocks, where buying is often far riskier than in the more ordered world of the listed exchanges, with their careful records of earnings and dividends. Most of the new companies float only a small amount of stock, keep a hefty nest egg of unissued stock to finance future growth and protect their own interests in the company. Thus, when investors find a promising new infant, the scramble to fondle it often brings fantastic results. Example: New Orleans' Kalvar Corp., which started in a garage, sold 75,000 shares of stock at \$20 a share four years ago. Last week it was selling at \$300 a share, though the company has never earned a penny. Investors bought because

a handful of big corporations are working to develop a new copying device using a film process developed by Kalvar.

What is a growth stock? To the unsophisticated, it is simply a company whose stock goes up fast. Wall Street has more precise definitions. Samuel Stedman of Loeb, Rhoades & Co., the high priest of the growth cult, believes that a growth stock's per share earnings must grow at least 12½ to 15½ compounded annually. If its earnings are compounded at 25½, it will double in three years. From this definition arise some complicated formulas. If stock in a company growing at 25½, for example, now makes \$3 a share and sells for eleven times earnings, it will cost \$33 now, should be worth at least \$66 in three years. But many analysts think that a stock growing at 25½ should sell for more than 10 times earnings—which would make today's \$33 stock really "worth" \$90 now and \$180 in three years. Result: the smart investor is willing to pay far more than \$33 today in hopes that it will be worth \$180 in three years. Other brokerage houses have their own formulas to justify the high price of growth stocks. But most agree on broad definition: a growth stock is a stock of a company in an industry that is growing faster than the economy (now a 4½ increase yearly) and which itself is growing faster than the industry.

Era of Great Change. At the turn of the century, railroads were the great growth stocks; after World War I, retail-store chains took off; and utilities were the growth stocks of 1920. Chemicals, liquors, oils, motion-picture companies, airlines—all at one time or another have been the darlings of Wall Street. Now many of them have become sedate blue chips, and no longer show the growth and earning potential that the Street demands. After a ten-year rise in which their market value almost trebled, many blue chips seem to have temporarily exhausted much of their growth potential. Since January, the Dow-Jones industrials have dropped 7½%.

while ten representative glamour and growth stocks have gone up 17½%.

Today's growth stocks may claim their title for many reasons. Most of them are found in new or rapidly changing industries that are either riding new trends or testing new frontiers of knowledge: electronics and missiles, which have spawned some of the best performers; recreation and leisure, where such firms as Brunswick Corp. (bowling equipment) and NAFL Corp. (pleasure boats) have profited by the move to the suburbs and extra leisure time; drugs, where an outpouring of new products has brightened the future of such firms as Schering and Merck; vending machines, which promise to bring a new era of merchandising; and foods, where General Foods, for example, has been a leader in the revolution in the kitchen.

Inventive Brains. The hottest growth stocks are those that have the extra ingredient of glamour: a unique or fascinating product, or even the possibility of developing one. Born of an age of rockets and missiles, their companies bear

USD-5 PHOTOGRAPHIC DRONE
... people with vision.



HOME SOUND MOVIE CAMERA
The prime asset...



What's the real meaning of courtesy in business?

Wausau Story

of RED OWL STORES, Inc.
Executive offices: Hopkins, Minnesota



ALF L. BERGERUD,
President
of Red Owl Stores,

says people are sometimes surprised by the polite way they're served at Red Owl Stores. He tells about one customer in particular.

When the boy put her groceries in her car and thanked her again, she said: "I don't believe I'll ever get used to this courtesy."

"Ma'am," the boy said, "If you shop at Red Owl, you'll HAVE to get used to it."

Getting used to Red Owl courtesy is an opportunity welcomed by more shoppers right along in the 164 supermarkets in a 10-state area. And the 7000 Red Owl employees serve their customers and work together in ways that prove courtesy is a fine way of living.

Mr. Bergerud says: "The people from Employers Mutuals of Wausau are also guided by *real* courtesy . . . consideration for people, care for their welfare and safety. That's why we've made them carriers of the insurance that most closely affects both our employees and our customers: Employers Mutuals carry our workmen's compensation and our public liability insurance.

"Employers Mutuals helped us develop our safety program so that the rate of our workmen's compensation insurance has been reduced by almost half over a six year period. *How* this was done proves Employers Mutuals people know the real meaning of courtesy.

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Employers Mutuals of Wausau has offices all across the country. We write all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance (including automobile). In the field of workmen's compensation we are one of the largest. We are proud of our reputation for fast claim service and our experience in preventing accidents. Consult your telephone directory for your representative or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.



Courtesy, as Red Owl Employees practice it, is more than "minding your manners." Here courtesy is being helpful and being considerate . . . watching all the details of housekeeping so stores are kept inviting and *safe* too.



Courtesy is consideration for fellow workers and customers, an alertness to hazards that could cause accidents plus training in preventing them. Employers Mutuals' Safety Engineers, like Kenneth Smith here, inspect mechanical equipment in the stores, aid department heads in training employees to work safely.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau



"Good people to do
business with"



TEXAS INSTRUMENTS' JONSSON
\$82 million.

Ed Murray

such intriguing names as Itek (information classification), Haloid Xerox (office copying), Transitor (transistors), Ampex (tape recorders), Ionics (electrically charged filters that desalt water), and High Voltage Engineering (electron-clear machines).

Each of these companies has one prime asset: inventive brains. The ability to develop new ideas and products is more prized today than such old measuring rods as a stock's book value. To Sherman Fairchild, the reasons for buying growth make good sense. When he decided to buy stock in Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co., which was a growth stock ten years ago and still is, he called up the Wall Street office that he set up just for investment purposes. "They asked me if I didn't want to see the balance sheets of the company," says Fairchild. "I said no. I've met their people, and that is good enough for me. Everyone I met seemed to know his business, what the company objectives were, and how they proposed to get there. Why look at the books? In growth companies, you need people with vision and organization."

The new growth and glamour stocks, selling at up to 100 times earnings (blue chips average a mere 16 times earnings), are of such dubious value by older standards that Wall Street has its own jokes about them. Jack Dreyfus, head of the \$100 million Dreyfus Fund, recently satirized the glamour business: "Take a nice little company that's been making shoelaces for 40 years and sells at a respectable six times earnings ratio. Change the name from Shoelaces, Inc. to Electronics & Silicon Furth-burners. In today's market, the words 'electronics' and 'silicon' are worth 15 times earnings. However, the real play in this stock comes from the word 'furth-burners,' which no one understands. A word that no one understands entitles you to double your entire score. Therefore, we have six times earnings for the shoelace business and 15 times earnings for electronic and silicon, or a total of 21 times earnings. Multiply this by two for furth-burners, and we now have a score of 42 times earnings for the new compa-

ny." Concluded Dreyfus dryly: "In today's market, studying securities can be fatal. While you're studying them, they're apt to double, and by the time you find you wouldn't have bought them in the first place they will probably have tripled."

A common complaint about growth stocks is that they rarely, if ever, pay dividends, thus do not provide a steady income. But, says Sherman Fairchild, "this question of dividends has been given much more importance than is due it. If a stock doubles in value every five years, it actually pays a dividend of 20% a year if you sell half your stock at the end of a five-year period, and it is taxed as a long-term capital gain. There is no point in making artificial distinctions between stocks that pay income and those that do not pay income but have growth."

Gravel for Grass. Sherman Fairchild amply meets his own definition of managers with vision. "If you can do constructive thinking along unorthodox lines in business," says IBM President Thomas Watson Jr., "you have it made. Sherman Fairchild is able to think along unorthodox lines." Fairchild's departure from orthodoxy begins right at the front door of his town house on Manhattan's East 66th Street, where he conducts all the affairs of his companies. The house is the height of a three-story house, but actually contains six levels built around an inner courtyard. Instead of staircases, long, floating ramps connect the staggered floors. In the midst of Manhattan's bustle, the soundproofed, air-conditioned house is a quiet and sunny refuge whose ten rooms are filled with evidences of Fairchild's fertile mind. These range from green courtyard gravel that looks like grass (he had stones coated with green ceramic) to a complete control booth for recording in his lavish liv-



LITTON INDUSTRIES' THORNTON
\$37 million.

Sherman Fairchild

ing room, and lowered shutters fronting the street that can be opened or closed by pressing a button.

Fairchild once kept an office in Rockefeller Center, but moved to his home for convenience after a major intestinal operation (a colostomy). His condition has not slowed his pace. He receives a steady flow of visitors at his dining-room table, experiments with sound in his control room, with color in his photography room, with new components for cameras and records in his basement workshop. He keeps a mechanic busy in a Long Island laboratory translating his ideas into working models.

Fairchild is a prodigious reader who subscribes to more than 200 technical and general publications, tears out articles, jots notations on them and shoots them off to officials of his companies. He dic-



UNIVERSAL MATCH'S PRINCE
\$39 million.

Walter Darrin



By Carter—Globe
FAIRCHILD CAMERA'S CARTER
\$8,000,000.

tates a steady stream of letters (about 80 over a normal weekend) into tape recorders scattered through the house, has them typed by secretaries working in two shifts in a basement office.

No One Had the Nerve. "I'd still like to invent the products," says Fairchild, "but the business has become too big for that." Fairchild believes that it is not enough simply to develop a product that is slightly better than a competitor's. He had no interest in bringing out a movie camera that was only an improvement on cameras on the market. But when his researchers came to him with the idea of a home movie sound camera, he gave enthusiastic approval. "Fellows from the camera company came to see me and said they could produce an 8-mm. camera with sound," he says. "It had never been done before, but, having built a lot of recorders myself, I knew it could be done. So I gave those fellows encouragement."

Although Fairchild is chairman of all



POLAROID'S LAND
\$195 million.

his companies, he prefers his role of technical adviser. "If things are going well," he says, "I do not butt in. My forte is not management. But when things don't go well, I butt in." Fairchild Camera was showing few signs of growth in 1957 when Fairchild himself stepped in to run the company, "to the consternation of a good many people." But Fairchild brought in hard-driving President John Carter, 40 (with the lure of an option deal that could net him, at current prices, about \$8,000,000), now gives him free rein. The company meets Fairchild's definition of growth—25% a year—will gross \$80 million this year, earned about \$1.60 in the first half compared to 79¢ in the same period last year. Carter is outspokenly independent about Fairchild's role: "He used to make all sorts of suggestions, but no one ever had the nerve to tell him when they wouldn't work out. Now he still makes all sorts of suggestions. The stuff that's no good we screen the hell out. The stuff that's good we do something about."

Fairchild relishes such independence—so long as it gets results. He also thinks that "every growth situation has two elements of leverage—not only the growth of the company itself, but the ability to pick up other companies that have not realized their possibilities." Last month Fairchild Camera gave final approval to a merger with DuMont Laboratories (1950 sales: \$10 million), which makes TV tubes and products in other fields where Fairchild wants to expand.

Fairchild realizes that not every company can be a growth company. One of his own, Fairchild Engine & Airplane (1959 sales: \$114 million), is in an industry "without growth possibilities." Fairchild Engine suffered from the cancellation of the Goose missile, and its F-27 turboprop transports have not sold well to feeder lines. Fairchild hopes to branch out into new products, feels that "every business has something in it that has growth, even if the business as a whole does not." One new development that could help his company: the USD-5, an unmanned electric-eye drone capable of flying over enemy territory to take pictures and send back data electronically.

The products of Fairchild Recording Equipment Corp. have so far been too expensive to be a commercial success, but Fairchild is confident that it "will make back every nickel eventually." An early backer of Dr. Gabriel Giannini, the noted physicist, Fairchild in 1946 bought into Giannini Controls of California, a manufacturer of transducers and other sensitive flight instruments. He now owns 9% of the company, which is growing at a 25% yearly rate under Fairchild-picked President Donald Putnam, 35.

No Ponies, No Yachts. With all his wealth, Fairchild leads an expensively simple life: "I have no yachts, no polo ponies, no house on the Riviera." But he does have a ten-room chateau-type second home at Huntington, L.I., where he plays tennis on a \$25,000 enclosed court. Fairchild is a friend of and frequent host to

jazz musicians, recently threw a party for Old Friend Hoagy (Star Dust) Carmichael. At such parties, Fairchild likes to get into his control booth and record performances, mix drinks at his bar (he drinks little himself), or rustle up a quick meal for his guests. His current favorite: a recipe he picked up in Italy for dumplings made with ricotta (Italian cottage cheese) and ground spinach.

Well-meaning friends are constantly introducing him to pretty young women. Fairchild usually takes them to dinner, sometimes gets so involved in a technical or musical discussion with friends that the girl is left to stare vacantly at the wall. His maiden aunt, May, in her 80s, lives with him. "I don't know why I haven't gotten married," he says. "Perhaps it's that I've been so busy. Let's hope it isn't too late. I'm not a bachelor by conviction. I think I am very unfortunate."

Raiding the Plant. Fairchild has been tinkering ever since he was old enough to handle tools. His father, George Winthrop Fairchild, the first president and chairman of IBM, encouraged his son and let him range through his plant near Oneonta, N.Y., raiding it for parts for young Sherman's inventions. Sherman went off to Harvard in 1915, where he designed a forerunner of the news flash camera, but was packed off to Arizona in his sophomore year when threatened by tuberculosis. Though he later attended both the University of Arizona and Columbia, he never bothered to get a college degree.

Not long after, Fairchild built his famous aerial camera. Left \$2,000,000 when his father died in 1924, he set up Fairchild Aviation and turned it into a \$6,000,000 business in a few years. Wall



TRANSISTRON'S DAVID BAKALAR
\$153 million.

Street bankers, eying it as the nucleus for a "General Motors of the air," bought control. But the new management was not equal to the idea, and Fairchild got his company back in 1931. In 1936 he formed Fairchild Engine & Airplane Corp. in a share-for-share spin-off of Fairchild Aviation, turned the older company into Fairchild Camera. Fairchild hired J. Carlton Ward Jr., a vice president of United Aircraft, to head Fairchild Engine, and Ward led the company during World War II, when its sales shot from \$1,100,000 to \$102 million.

Lucky Break. Ward and Fairchild had a falling out in 1946 over Fairchild's steady barrage of ideas, and Fairchild resigned from the company. Three years later he returned to wage a zealous proxy fight, plotted the battle so carefully (he even put real stamps on proxy letters because he felt that people ignored pre-stamped envelopes) that he won the battle five to one. He promoted Vice President Bouteille to president. In 1958, after Fairchild Engine lost its huge missile contract and went into a tailspin, Fairchild replaced him with J. M. Carmichael, former chairman of Capital Airlines. Bouteille, bearing no grudge, still speaks of Fairchild as "an extremely gracious, nice person," asked him to be best man at his second wedding.

In 1957 Fairchild got what he admits was a "lucky break." Eight young scientists working for Beckman Instruments decided to leave en masse with their idea for producing an extremely advanced transistor. After several companies turned down their request for financial backing, they came to Fairchild. He set them up in Fairchild Semiconductor Corp., as a

division of Fairchild Camera, gave them stock in Fairchild Camera. Their success in developing the transistor (division sales may hit \$30 million this year) is partly responsible for the spurt in Fairchild stock.

Fairchild takes no salary from any of his companies, believes that he should be on the same basis as other stockholders. "My sole objective is not to make money but to do something that is a substantial improvement over what has been done before, because if you do that you will make money in the long run."

New Millionaires. Like Fairchild, most of the men responsible for the success of the nation's new growth companies are intensely curious and dedicated men who started out to do something new rather than simply make money (although they hoped to do that too). Among the new millionaires.

¶ Edwin H. Land, chairman, president and research director of Polaroid Corp., was worth \$95.4 million personally (plus \$99.8 million in stock held by his family) when Polaroid stock touched \$216.50 a share earlier this year. Every time Polaroid's stock moves two points, the Lands' wealth rises or falls by \$1,522,000. Their stock has risen in value by \$86.3 million in the last 18 months alone. The genius behind Polaroid's success, bright-eyed, boyish-looking "Din" Land, likes to spend much of his time in his lab in Cambridge, Mass., where he works endlessly on new ideas. Polaroid is now working on a two-minute color film for its camera. Land believes that, with present and planned products, Polaroid's growth prospects are excellent.

¶ Arnold O. Beckman, 60, is a former assistant professor of chemistry at California Institute of Technology who did a friend a favor by making a "pH" meter to test the acidity of lemon juice, set up shop in a garage in 1935 to manufacture them for industrial testing purposes. The small beginning grew into Beckman Instruments, which now has sales of \$45 million, makes analytical instruments. Beckman owns 37% of his company's 1,380,000 shares, which is now worth \$44.9 million.

¶ Frank J. Prince, 72, controlling stockholder of Universal Match Corp., is the man who gave the world the vending machine that can change paper money. The biggest manufacturer of coin-handling devices, his company has jumped its sales from \$12.1 million when he took over in 1951 to an estimated \$85 million this year. Prince owns 650,000 shares worth \$39 million, takes little part in day-to-day operations, says, "My main task is to look ahead and plan acquisitions."

¶ John Erik Jonsson, 58, chairman of Texas Instruments Inc., was not worth very much money only seven years ago—and neither was his company, specializing in geophysical work for oil companies. The stock sold for \$5.13 a share. Then he began to pick up companies, entered the military electronics field with transistors and other electronic devices. Last week the company's stock sold at 214.75. Jonsson now owns stock worth \$82 million.



BECKMAN'S BECKMAN
\$45 million.

His associates have done nearly as well: Texins' executive committee chairman, Eugene McDermott, owns shares worth \$65 million and President Patrick E. Haggerty shares worth \$26 million. They and other top executives have given away nearly 70,000 shares to educational institutions.

¶ Leo and David Bakalar, chairman and president of Transistron Electronic Corp. of Wakefield, Mass., have run up a stock fortune of \$307 million (another \$34.4 million has been realized in cash) on an initial investment of \$500,000 made by Leo, 47, a plastics manufacturer at the time. The investment was backing for an improved gold-bonded diode developed by David, 35, who has a Ph.D. from M.I.T. Since then, the company has grabbed 10% of the semiconductor market (second among independents only to Texas Instruments), last fiscal year ran up sales of \$10.9 million, which the Bakalars brothers expect to jump to \$45 million—\$50 million in the fiscal year just ended.

¶ Charles Bates ("Tex") Thornton, president of Beverly Hills Litton Industries, was an Army Air Corps colonel at 28, the planning director of Ford Motor Co. at 32 the operating boss of Hughes Aircraft at 35. At 47, he is a hard-working executive worth \$37 million in 443,024 shares of Litton stock. It all started when he quit Hughes in the exodus of brains (TIME, Oct. 5, 1953), started his own company, which is one of the fastest-growing electronics firms (1950 sales \$125 million), claims to be the biggest U.S. manufacturer of desk calculating machines.

Growth companies have not only created a new breed of management millionaires but have added some hefty figures to existing fortunes. Millionaire Laurance Rockefeller, a backer of Boston's Itel Corp. and its biggest stockholder, bought 259,765 shares at an average cost of \$1.41. His present 195,197



TRANSISTRON'S LEO BAKALAR
\$154 million.

Richard Meek

shares in the company, now discussing a merger with Chicago's Seeborg Corp., were worth \$12 million last week. More than 1,100 Texas Instruments employees, buying stock under a special purchase plan, have spent just over a million and a half for stock now worth more than \$6,000,000. The stock of one \$3,600-a-year employee last year added \$5,525 to its value.

Wall Street's Lehman Brothers has been one of the biggest floaters of growth stocks (Litton, Beckman, etc.). At first, most other big Wall Street houses showed little interest in the field. Smaller houses with low overhead and a hungry eye stepped in. Says Belmont Towbin of C.E. Unterberg, Towbin: "We've made 30 to 40 millionaires"—including himself. Wealth has worked no great change in the lives of most of the new executive millionaires. They are a new breed too interested either in their companies or in scientific research to indulge themselves with their new fortunes. Arnold Beckman and his wife, for example, still live in an Altadena house he built in 1933 while teaching at Caltech.

Perils of the Future. But all that has glamour may not always grow. What is the tomorrow of today's growth stocks? Sherman Fairchild, like many experts, believes that the indiscriminate buying of growth stocks "has gone too far." Though brokers are wary of saying flatly that a stock is selling too high, they realize that it is perilous to project earnings five or ten years into the future. Particularly in the growth sector, technology is changing so fast that a new product, a competing process, a better method hit upon by a competitor can collapse a stock in a hurry.

What alarms many analysts is that in-

vestors neither carefully investigate what a company really has planned for the future nor realize that in many cases, even if a company succeeds in bringing a new product to market, it may not have the facilities to sell it, or a market big enough to make money. The big talk in the electronics industry is of the coming "shake-out" that will spell doom for many of the 5,000 firms now in the industry. Even in the glamorous transistor field, only the strongest and most inventive companies can hope to prosper in the increasingly tough competition.

The best among the growth companies are convinced that older growth industries lost out because they did not keep abreast of—or sufficiently ahead of—the needs and desires of industry, Government and the consumer. To keep ahead, the growth companies are spending large amounts on research (an average 6½% for the electronics industry v. 3½% for all industry).

U.S. politicians are now engaged in an argument about whether the U.S. rate of growth is big enough; along with Democrats, Rockefeller talks of favoring a forced annual growth rate of 5½% or 6½%, while Republicans contend that anything beyond the average annual rate for the past 50 years (3½%) is manipulation, and could lead to inflation and a bad crash. The argument seems remote and insubstantial to the growth industry men, who in their own companies are not satisfied with growing less than 25% a year. They set high goals for themselves because they have immense confidence not only in the future of the U.S. economy but in their own ability to influence its course, to fulfill needs before they are fully recognized, to change the times rather than merely keep up with them.

TIME CLOCK

FHA POLICY CHANGE will enable individuals for first time in 26 years to invest in government-insured house mortgages yielding as much as 5½%. Hitherto FHA-guaranteed mortgages have been sold only by banks, insurance companies, etc. Policy aims at attracting new money for housing, which lags this year.

ZECKENDORF HOTEL site in Manhattan will probably be sold to Uris Buildings Corp. for \$9,000,000. Ballyhooed as the first major Manhattan hotel to be built in 30 years, the Zeckendorf, without enough financing, remained just a hole across from Rockefeller Center. Rockefeller's wanted a hotel on the site, but Uris plans office building.

HELP FROM KHRUSHCHEV was asked by U.A.W. local union president in strike against Michigan's Cross Co., which is planning to bid on \$5,000,000 worth of automaking machinery for the Soviet Union. Cross has been struck by U.A.W. for nearly a year for refusal to recognize union as bargaining agent, though designated by NLRB. The union ca-

ble asked Khrushchev to prove his interest "in justice for the working people" by turning down Cross.

INDO-RUSSIAN OIL DEAL is being fought by U.S. and British oil firms in India. Russia will supply India with 1,500,000 tons of kerosene and diesel fuel at prices 10-15% below free-world oil prices. Western companies have countered with offer to reduce their prices 7¼% to India.

NEW YORK-MOSCOW FLIGHTS by Pan American World Airways and Russia's Aeroflot state line will be delayed until Khrushchev behaves better. U.S. officials canceled visit of Aeroflot brass due in Washington this week to discuss the deal. Belgium's Sabena airline is only New York-Moscow through flight.

TURKISH OIL FIND near Adana by Socony Mobil yielded biggest flow (240 bbl. a day), best quality oil yet found in Turkey. The gusher raises hopes that oilmen have struck edge of vast reservoir whose oil might end a major import drain on Turkish economy.



FORD'S BREECH
Decelerating.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Ernest Robert Breech, 63, resigned as chairman of the board of the Ford Motor Co. after 14 years with the company, which he helped to turn from a moneyloser into the most profitable (on a per-share earnings basis) of the Big Three automakers. Taking over as board chairman for the time being is Ford President Henry Ford II, 42, who also continues as president. Breech, who will remain as a Ford director and chairman of the finance committee, has for three years wanted to "decelerate" at Ford after what he describes as "more than 40 years of an extremely active business life." Breech, a onetime General Motors vice president, in 1946 left the presidency of Bendix Aviation Corp. to join Ford as executive vice president. He reorganized production, boosted prices, brought in new executives, became board chairman in 1955. Since the company prefers to have a Ford in the presidency for the prestige of the name, Henry Ford will probably keep the presidency, not the chairmanship. Likely prospect as new chairman: austere, brainy Ford Vice President Robert Strange McNamara, 44.

¶ Edward Herman Little, 79, retired as chief executive officer of Colgate-Palmolive Co., a post he has held since 1938. He will remain chairman of the board. Succeeding Little as chief executive is George Henry Lesch, 50, who was elected Colgate president last April. Little joined Colgate 58 years ago as a salesman, made his reputation by selling overseas. Today the company's 42 foreign branches account for half its sales of \$600 million, more than half its last year's profits of \$25 million. Like Little, New Boss Lesch has spent much of his 30 years with Colgate abroad, chiefly in Mexico and Europe, was president of Colgate-Palmolive International when made president last April.

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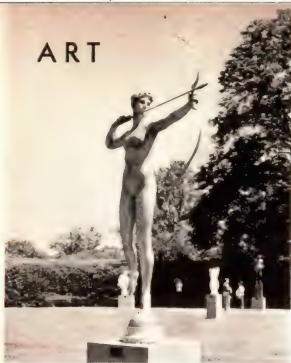
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ART



NEW WESTERN



DANIEL FRENCH'S "MEMORY" IN THE PHIPPS GARDEN

SAINT-GAUDENS' "DIANA". NEW LIFE IN A NEW SETTING

Out in the Open

The Georgian mansion had seen the day when 30 guests could be seated at the Sheraton banquet table, and when it took a staff of 14 to keep up the house and 18 in the garden. The owner was John S. Phipps, whose father had made a fortune with Andrew Carnegie, and who had built for himself in Old Westbury, L.I., a regal private park for quiet ponds and hemlock hedges. Last week the "guests" were the paying kind who had come to see one of the most delightful art exhibits of the summer.

A year ago the Phipps clan opened up the estate to the public, but it was the energetic sportsman and socialite, Mrs. Ogden Phipps, wife of one of John Phipps' nephews, who got the idea for an exhibit of 150 years of American sculpture. She assembled a formidable committee of artists and museum experts; soon had the gardens populated with 39 pieces which seemed to take on new life in their outdoor setting. Last week Mrs. Phipps announced that the show had become so popular that it would stay open an extra month until the end of August.

The earliest artist shown is William Rush, who was born in 1756 and became the nation's first professional sculptor. His *Music* is a graceful wooden girl who is as pleasing in her mute way as the muse she represents. When it came to women, Rush's 19th century successors were even more gallant than he. John Rogers' *Last Pleiad* shows American sculpture at its most blatantly sentimental. Daniel French's *Memory* is a matronly nude shown brooding about some lost and precious moment, and Augustus Saint-Gaudens' golden *Diana* is as winsome as the larger original that once graced the top of the old Madison Square Garden.

The sentimental side of U.S. art never vanished completely: the show has a revealing number of small animals and little girls. But the modern imagination bursts out in all directions. Isamu Noguchi's *Double Bird*, seen against a deep green hedge, looks like a piece of exotic calligraphy done in white marble. David Smith has produced a *Hudson River Landscape* of delicate bronze, while Theodore Roszak's bristling sculptures seem to spring from the ground like wild and angry plants. As in all shows, art sometimes seems far removed from nature at the Old Westbury Gardens, but seldom has the one so complemented the other.

The Sad-Eyed Countess

The reign of pudgy Charles IV, King of Spain from 1788 to 1808, was as squalid as it was tragic, but it did boast one supreme ornament. The Painter to the King was Francisco José de Goya y Lucientes, who left behind on canvas a royal family album that has dazzled the world ever since. Each year thousands of visitors to the Prado in Madrid have come to know Goya's bumbling old King, his sharp-faced Queen, the sulky-heir apparent, and a host of beribboned infants and infants, all portrayed with ruthless candor. But one member of the family is rarely seen: the frail Countess of Chinchón (see color), whose portrait hangs in the private collection of her descendant, the Duke of Sueca.

The countess was Charles IV's cousin, and Goya painted her first when she was a happy little child without a care. At 18, she was forced to marry Don Manuel Godoy, a shrewd provincial nobody whose seductive charms eventually made him lover to the Queen, favorite to the King, Duke of Alcudia and later Sueca. Prince of the Peace, Prime Minister—and the

most hated man in Spain. The King was so fond of Godoy that he wanted him to be part of the family, and Godoy himself languidly wrote of his marriage: "I obeyed in this, as in all the acts of my life, with loyalty and submission." But what was merely a bore to the favorite was torture to his wife.

She knew of his affair with the had-tempered Queen, for it was the talk of Europe. And there was also the rumor that Godoy had already been secretly married to another of his mistresses, Doña Josefa Tudó, known in the streets as Pepita, the flirtatious daughter of a peninsular artillery officer. At public dinners Godoy scandalized even Madrid's jaded courtiers by forcing his wife to sit next to his mistress.

When the countess posed for Goya the second time, she was only 21, and the artist never treated a subject with more tenderness. As usual, he did not care about background—the person was his concern—and he painted her sitting in darkness, yet glowing with light, her pale hands gracefully folded in a shy attempt to conceal her first pregnancy. But what makes the picture unforgettable is the expression on the face—the exquisitely sad look of one whose life has been stolen and who knows that no one will give it back.

It was Napoleon who inadvertently ended her ordeal. Toppled from power after a series of disastrous defeats, nearly lynched by a mob, Godoy fled into exile, never to return. The countess lived on in Spain with at least one consoling memory. It was of the night that the mobs came to loot her husband's house. When they saw her, they paused long enough to lead her gently out of harm's way, remembering that she at least was innocent as well as royal, though married to the man they called *El Charicero*—the Sausage-Maker.



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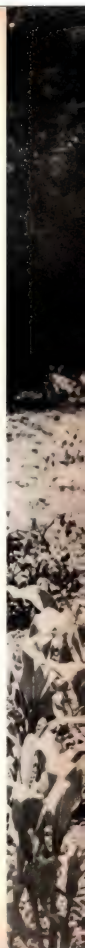
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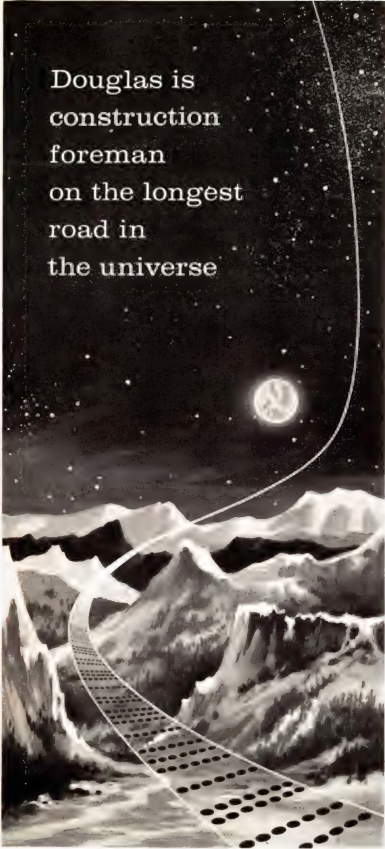
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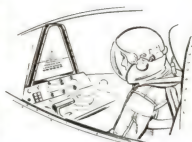
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CINEMA

Imports

U.S. moviegoers last week could choose from a wildly mixed bag of foreign films:

Operation Amsterdam (Rank: 20th Century-Fox) is what someone once described as an "on-the-run-in-a-raincoat" film. It is not hard to think of half a dozen British pictures like it that were better. But the film is enjoyable enough, largely because Eva Bartok, a dark-haired girl of great beauty, is generally on view. The time is 1940, just before the Germans swept over Holland, and the caper is to collect all of Amsterdam's industrial diamonds and spirit them off to London. Peter Finch, Alexander Knox and Tony Britton are the raincoat wearers, and it should surprise no one that a good deal of blood and bedlam intervenes before they get the job done. For admirers of internal combustion, there is a grand old Mercedes roadster that is almost as pretty as Actress Bartok.

The Idiot (Mosfilm: 20th Century-Fox) is the sixth of seven Russian films to be sent to the U.S. under the terms of last year's film-exchange agreement (the U.S.S.R. got ten U.S. films, including *Marty* and *Roman Holiday*). It is difficult to see why it was exported. It may be that Russians genuinely admire that style of mummery in which the white of an actor's eye is always visible, while the pupil occasionally rolls out of sight. At any rate, Dostoevsky's amorphous novel of a young prince whose saintly behavior merely confuses his feral companions has once again proved to be unfilmable. The 1948 French version at least had the advantage of a magnificent portrayal of Prince Myshkin by the late Gerard Philipe, who was almost unknown at the time. Like everyone else in the Russian film, the present Myshkin, Yuri Yakovlev, acts at the top of his voice, generally while striding up and down in a pattern that would be understandable if he were carrying bagpipes. A good deal of the plot, including the murder of Nastasia Filipovna, has been left out, presumably for clarity. What is left never becomes very clear, and the impression is that the subtitles should not be blamed.

The Threepenny Opera (Brandon Films) is a re-release of the German musical satire made in 1931 by Director G. W. Pabst and destroyed—or so it was thought—soon afterward by the Nazis. The present version was fitted together from pieces of several prints discovered after a long search of Europe. It is unquestionably an antique, with scratchy sound, uncertain lighting and a mannered kind of acting carried over from the silent films. But it is not the sort of antique that must be watched with embarrassment. Lotte Lenya, as Jennie, is gawki-ly charming, and such Kurt Weill-Bert Brecht songs as *Mack the Knife* and *Pirate Jenny* retain their peculiar combination of sentiment and cynicism, even when filtered through English subtitles. Viewers

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who have seen the English stage version that has played for several years in Manhattan's Greenwich Village will notice differences: the film, for some reason, has fewer songs, and its mockery of capitalism is more savagely direct. The stage play rewards the outlaw Mack the Knife for his evil deeds merely with a title and a pension; in the film, Mackie Messer (Rudolph Forster) becomes the director

of a bank. As Peachum's beggars prepare to break up a coronation parade (*Threepenny Opera* owes its inspiration to John Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, and the scene is London), someone remarks: "The rich have hard hearts but weak nerves." The line is pure Brecht. He devoted his life to rattling those nerves, and never did he do it with less effect and more charm than in *Threepenny Opera*.

MILESTONES

Born. To Audrey Hepburn, 31, elfin Brussels-born actress, and Mel Ferrer, 42, peripatetic actor-director: their first child (his fifth), a son; in Lucerne, Switzerland.

Born. To Marguerite Piazza, 34, onetime Metropolitan Opera nightingale turned supper-club thrush, and William James Condon, 49, a Tennessee snuff-company executive: their third child (her fifth), second daughter; in Memphis.

Died. E. Maurice ("Buddy") Adler, 52, Darryl Zanuck's successor as Twentieth Century-Fox production boss in 1956, an astute judge and developer of new talent, including Joanne Woodward and Pat Boone, the producer of such box-office hits as *Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing*, *The Diary of Anne Frank*, *South Pacific* and Columbia's 1953 Academy Award-winning *From Here to Eternity*; of cancer; in Los Angeles. Told by Fox President Spyros Skouras in 1957, "I'm giving you \$53 million; let's see what you can do with it this year." Adler obliged by producing 53 feature pictures (among them: *The Enemy Below*, *The Three Faces of Eve*), which helped Fox to a profit of more than \$6,500,000 that year.

Died. Rudolph Charles von Ripper, 55, Austrian-born artist best known for his savage, Goyaesque, anti-Nazi etchings of the 1930s, and courageous soldier of fortune who was wounded many times while serving in the French Foreign Legion, Spanish Loyalist air force, U.S. Army and the OSS; of a heart attack; in Polenska, Majorca.

Died. Chessor M. Campbell, 62, publisher of the Chicago *Tribune* and president of the Tribune Co. (a complex of 14 corporations including two shipping lines and the New York *Daily News*; since 1955, top man of the triumvirate that replaced the irreplaceable Colonel Robert R. McCormick; of heart disease; in Baie Comeau, Que. A onetime subscription solicitor who spent much of his 39-year *Trib* career as the paper's shrewd, aggressive advertising manager, Campbell once received a memo from the colonel's walnut-paneled office stating, "We carry a line over the classified ad section reading, 'The *Tribune* prints more want ads than any other newspaper in America.' Can't we say the world?" Campbell could, and in 1946, he put the *Trib* atop the world in total ad linage as well.

Died. Lawrence Tibbett, 63, America's great baritone. Metropolitan Opera principal from 1925 to 1950, popular radio, cinema, Broadway and concert performer; following head surgery; in Manhattan (see Music).

Died. John Phillips Marquand, 66, U.S. novelist; of a heart attack in his sleep; in Newbury, Mass. (see box opposite).

Died. Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, 74, unrepentant Nazi, one of Hitler's top military strategists and his last commander in chief in the West; of heart disease; in Bad Nauheim, Germany. A career soldier and World War I pilot, Kesselring developed the combined ground-air attack strategy that was the key to early Nazi victories, at war's start commanded a single air fleet in Poland, later bossed all German air forces in North Africa and took charge of the Mediterranean theater in the slow retreat up the boot of Italy. Condemned to die by the British in 1947 for the reprisal massacre of 335 Italians in the Ardeatine Caves near Rome, he got the sentence commuted to life and then to 20 years. Freed because of ill health in 1952, Kesselring was well enough to become president of the *Stahlhelm* (Steel Helmet), a veterans' group whose militaristic ideal was expressed by their leader in his 1953 memoirs: "To revise our ideas in accordance with democratic principles. That is more than I can take."

Died. Pietro Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, 87, able, globe-trotting ecclesiastical diplomat and administrator, director of the worldwide Roman Catholic missionary effort for the past 27 years, and a onetime (1923-33) apostolic delegate to the U.S.; after a long illness; in Rome. Head of a field force of approximately 95,000 missionary priests, nuns and lay brothers baptizing an estimated 500,000 converts each year, the cardinal urged the formation of a native clergy in Asia and Africa, lived to see more than 100 bishops and five cardinals chosen from those areas.

Died. The Rev. Francis Xavier Gsell, 87, Alsatian-born Roman Catholic missionary, known as "the bishop with 150 wives" for his campaign against native child-marriage customs in Australia's Northern Territory (he would "buy" young girls, sometimes for as little as \$5, and send them off to mission homes); in Sydney.

J. P. MARQUAND

You Can Go Home Again

THE typical Marquand hero reaches the point of no return when he draws his first breath. In later years, during the inevitable, muted crises, he will ask himself where he took the decisive turn. Was it the school he went to? The wife he married, or did not marry? The job he took? His creator, one of the best social novelists the U.S. has produced, considered these questions vital. Again and again, he said that men are shaped by their environment, and no writer could match him in describing the environments that cradled or smothered, polished or abraded, buoyed or drowned his heroes. But in the end, his people are shaped by the past to which they are born. The decisive element in every Marquand novel is character, a quality he seemed to see as halfway between fate and breeding.

He worked in the great tradition of Edith Wharton, Henry James and Sinclair Lewis. But where James did mannered, brilliant black-paper silhouettes of a special world and Lewis slashed unforgettable caricatures of the world at large on slightly beer-stained sketch pads, Marquand carefully painted portraits—so smooth that one never noticed the artist at work—and conceived a world narrow enough for him to master and wide enough for the reader to enter.

It was the world, essentially, of the small New England town, the big New England town and, sometimes, New York. It was the world which James Gould Cozzens also made his own, of businessmen, bankers, lawyers, doctors, writers, Marquand had no sense that such professions were too mundane to provide human drama, although he chose to avoid the more violent forms of love, death and despair. A satirist who more than half loved the subjects of his satire, an observer with a fond but unforgiving eye for detail, he left a record of American life that criticized without insisting on condemnation and entertained without stooping to farce. Above all, he found individuality where only conformity was supposed to exist and gave the reader a feeling not only of recognizing but of understanding himself.

Essentially, he wrote the same novel again and again. It is always the tale of a man musing over his past to find an explanation for the present, searching for some way to break the accidental but inexorable timetable of his life. But there is no way out. *H. M. Pulham, Esq.*, the caste-conscious Harvard snob, resigns himself to life in a narrowing circle of middle-aged Bostonian complacency ("If I had had the guts"—I sometimes find myself thinking, and a part of the old restlessness comes back"). *Melville Goodwin, U.S.A.* tries to break out of the Army closed circuit, away from the old ways, the old wife, the old family—but in the end he goes home, as all Marquand heroes must.

Often the Marquand hero does not try to break out but to break in. He is the middle-aged American who is fighting, says Alfred Kazin, "not for freedom from convention, as George Apley did, but for conventions—standards of belief and behavior—that will allow him to function as a human being in a world where beliefs are shared." He is troubled by the materialist itch of American life, whether he is Charley Gray, the nice poor boy who wants to be a nice rich man but still plays by the rules, or Willis Wayde, who has torn up the rules and claws his way to uneasy success—the only Marquand hero the author seems to have loathed.

"You have to write about what you have lived to get at some worthwhile truth," said Marquand, and once he gave up the light fiction, the historical novels and the Oriental adventure stories about Mr. Moto with which he learned his trade, he wrote about a life in which he had a vast emotional stake. *The Late George Apley* reached back

to an earlier generation, the dying Boston Brahmins of Beacon Hill. But that Back Bay pride and self-assurance is what Marquand himself was always reaching for, George Apley may have been a snob—but he also had something for which his creator had undisguised admiration: "Essential and undeviating discipline of background."

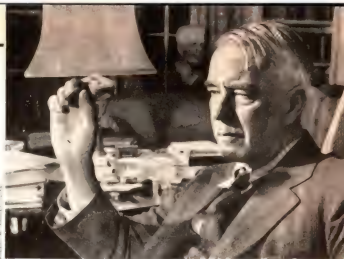
Wickford Point came even closer to home. It was the story of a popular writer, a Harvard graduate, reacting against the decadence and futile ancestor worship of his tumble-down New England family. And if the hero had the unmistakable air of the author himself—the pipe-smoking, tweedy, dressed-by-Brooks-Brothers blueblood—the hero's family was also unquestionably Marquand's.

He had a sensitivity to the right street, the right family, the right school—recalling, in a less obsessed way, the social preoccupation of John O'Hara, which once inspired Hemingway to groan: "Lord, I wish someone would start a fund to send O'Hara to Yale." Marquand, at least, got to Harvard, the son of an old Newburyport family which, like Charley Gray's, had lost its money and no longer lived on the best street. But he felt ill at ease because he had not prepped at Exeter or St. Mark's.

Gradually, Johnny Marquand turned into a Marquand hero, with a certain capacity for drift. He fought through World War I untouched ("I saw a lot of people killed, but I don't think it did very much to me"). As a cub reporter, he seemed willing to hang on at \$20 a week on the *New York Tribune*, but got a job as an advertising copywriter almost by accident. His first novel, a historical called *The Unspeakable Gentleman*, was not much good, but he sold it, and so, like his characters to come, he was trapped.

He lived unspectacularly, wrote diligently and successfully enough to become rich in a quiet sort of way, was elected a member of the Harvard Board of Overseers ("Perhaps," he once admitted in a speech to fellow alumni, "we are all more fascinating and a little better than other people for being Harvardmen"). In his books, the flashbacks he handled so brilliantly kept reaching farther into the past—beyond Harvard, beyond newspaper days, beyond his two marriages and divorces, eventually even beyond George Apley. His latest, unpublished book, *Timothy Dexter Revisited*, is a new treatment of an early subject, the story of a colonial eccentric that gave him a chance to reminisce about 18th century Newburyport, the home of his ancestors. It was near there last week that he died, at 66, in his sleep.

"My thoughts," he said some time ago, "continually return to the place where my ancestors have come from and where I spent most of my childhood. . . . For me, and I am willing to wager for everyone else, the road one takes, no matter how far it goes, leads to a contradictory sort of frustration, because it always leads to accidental beginnings. It always turns toward home."



The Child Is Father

When Austrian-born Leo Kanner migrated to the U.S. in 1924, child psychiatry did not exist. Today it is a respected and flourishing subspecialty, thanks more to pioneering Dr. Kanner, 66, than to any other man. Last week professional colleagues across the continent were reading his modest but unapologetic spellout of his life work, "Child Psychiatry—Retrospect and Prospect," in the *American Journal of Psychiatry*.

It was in 1930 that Dr. Kanner founded the Johns Hopkins Children's Psychiatric Clinic, but it took a long time, he notes, for academic psychiatry to get over the old idea that "children were essentially miniature adults." The biggest impetus to changing this notion came from Dr. Kanner himself. He wrote the first textbook on the subject, simply entitled *Child Psychiatry*, which rated massive reviews (more than three columns in *TIME*, July 15, 1935). In 1941 Author Kanner took his case directly to the people with a book for laymen, *In Defense of Mothers*,* revealingly subtitled: "How to Bring Up Children in Spite of the More Zealous Psychologists."

"And More Blah-Blah." In this book Dr. Kanner said: "There is no raid shelter from the verbal bombs that rain on contemporary parents. At every turn they run up against weird words and phrases which are apt to confuse and scare them no end: Oedipus complex, inferiority complex, maternal rejection, sibling rivalry, conditioned reflex, schizoid personality, regression, aggression, blah-blah, blah-blah and more blah-blah." By contrast, Dr. Kanner exhorted: "Let us, contemporary mothers, together regain that common sense which is yours, which has been yours before you allowed yourselves to be intimidated by would-be omniscient totalitarians."

A follower of the late great Adolf Meyer (1866-1950), who founded the eclectic Hopkins school of psychiatry, Dr. Kanner is no worshiper of Freud. He wrote: "If you want to go on worshipping the Great God Unconscious and his cocksure interpreters, there is nothing to keep you from it. But do not let your children pay the penalty for your own excursions into the realm of fancy. For there is nothing more fanciful than an unproven, arbitrarily decreed 'psychology,' sublimely removed from life as it is lived, scornful of facts and real occurrences, and depending instead on a dreambook type of 'interpretation' of a mythological Unconscious."

Never Tell a Lie. It takes either a natural mother or a highly specialized expert to get close enough to a child to find out what is going on in his mind, normal or not. And Dr. Kanner is such an expert. His technique is disarmingly simple: be friendly and sympathetic;

never lie to a child; never belittle his intelligence.

This approach has worked with the vast majority of the 20,000 child patients Dr. Kanner has seen in 31 years. But there is one type of child to whom even Dr. Kanner cannot get close. All too often this child is the offspring of highly organized, professional parents, cold and rational—the type that Dr. Kanner describes as "just happening to defrost enough to produce a child." The youngster is unable, because of regression or a failure in emotional development, to establish normal relations with his parents or other people.



PSYCHIATRIST KANNER
In defense of mothers.

He becomes withdrawn into himself. For this condition Dr. Kanner coined the term "infantile autism." It corresponds roughly to the old, and now outmoded, concept of childhood schizophrenia.

For it, there is as yet no uniformly effective treatment. When one is worked out, Dr. Kanner is more likely than any other living man to be its originator. Father of two (each of whom has made him a grandfather), he belies his retired status as a Hopkins professor emeritus, keeps busy teaching, seeing children with difficulties, and writing. Unable to resist a little joke, Dr. Kanner says of his ophthalmologist son: "We're both in the 'I' business, only he spells it *eye* and I spell it *ego*."

It's the Heat

It hit a seasonable 100° F. or higher in Abilene and Phoenix, Jackson (Miss.) and Kansas City last week. The Dakotas had it in the 90s, and so did normally more temperate New England and the Pacific Northwest—Hartford 90, Boston 92, Spokane 93. The cliché, "It isn't the heat, it's the humidity," was only locally

and partially true. Heat, both wet and dry, sent scores of patients to hospitals and some to their graves. The heat was a burning question for laymen and military surgeons. But two doctors write in *GP* (published by the American Academy of General Practice) that civilian physicians pay too little attention to its dangers, and unwittingly contribute to the heat's toll of illness and death.

The viewers with alarm were Sister Michael Marie[®] and Dr. Matthew Ferguson, who saw most of their cases of heat illness at St. Vincent's Hospital, among Manhattan's bake-oven brick and brownstone pueblos. Doctors have long since dropped the lay term "sunstroke" because, they note, heat can strike down a man in the shade almost as readily. Actually, say the St. Vincent's physicians, there may be a dozen forms of heat illness. Some of them "are true medical emergencies, and any hesitation or indecisiveness in their diagnosis and treatment may result in death or in a permanently incapacitated patient." The major forms:

☞ **Heat Stroke.** The body temperature soars to 106° or higher; sweating stops and leaves the skin hot, dry and flushed. Warning signs include fever, headache, restlessness, thirst, and absence of sweating. Treatment is drastic, and the physician must not leave it to the nurses. Most effective is to put the patient in an ice bath until the rectal temperature drops to 101°. If shock sets in, the patient will need intravenous fluids, plasma and drugs to boost the blood pressure. Mortality ranges from 20% to 80%.

☞ **Heat Cramps.** The acute form of salt depletion, marked by fatigue, dizziness, headache and muscle pain, leading to cramps from contraction of the belly muscles. The remedy: salt (given intravenously if the patient cannot swallow enough). The milder and more insidious chronic salt depletion shows the same signs, but sometimes in such vague form as to be mistaken for malingering or hypochondria. Salt tablets (but only for those who really sweat excessively) will prevent or cure it.

☞ **Prickly Heat.** Usually trivial, but may be incapacitating if it affects large areas or becomes infected. Prevention: wear loose, well-ventilated clothes, bathe often with little soap. Remedy: keep in a cool, dry place. (Creams, ointments and powders may do more harm than good.)

☞ **Heat Exhaustion.** One severe form results from spending several months in hot, moist climates. Marked by fatigue, headache, dizziness, blurred vision, palpitations and—paradoxically— inability to sweat, except on the face, palms and soles. Moving back to a temperate climate (or into air-conditioned quarters) is the answer, but the sweating mechanism may be knocked out for months, leaving continued danger of heat stroke.

[®] Born Sarah Louise O'Brien in the Frog Hollow section of Hartford, Conn., in 1922, she took vows in the Order of the Sisters of Mercy, got her M.D. ('58) from Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, is now at Mercyknoll, West Hartford, caring mainly for oldsters.

* Charles C. Thomas, Springfield, Ill.; 107 pp. Fourth printing 1958 (\$3.50).



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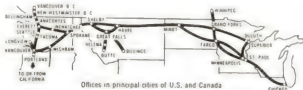
Swoosh! Tons of crushed rock tumble onto a road-bed. Men—aided by a giant, diesel-powered “broom”—move in to spread and level it. Another machine tamps the ballast firmly in between the ties. Miles away, still another mechanized marvel “threads” 25 tons of welded rail into position for a quick change-out. Down goes an old wooden bridge, up goes a new one—steel. Off goes the old paint, on goes a new coat—on a sign, signal or other trackside structure. In a modern shop new signs are readied.

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BOOKS

Editor's Elegy

LAMENT FOR A CITY (371 pp.)—Henry Beetle Hough—Atheneum (\$4.75).

A truth that most newspapermen would hoot at in a barroom is one in which most of them also privately believe—that a newspaper is the soul of its city. To Cornelius Tyler, the narrator of Newspaperman Hough's dour novel, the truth is evident, and so is the fact that like other souls, a newspaper can be sold. Well into his 80s and a touch liverish, Tyler writes bitterly—but with enough sense to know why he is bitter—about the decay of a New England newspaper that he once edited, and of the deterioration of the town it served.

The town is Hindon. The old editor does not delude himself that Hindon's old days were ever glorious, but the town once did have strength and reasonable expectations. Today, for reasons that are only partly economic, it has turned sick and sour. When Connie Tyler, fresh out of Harvard, came to Hindon in 1900 as a cub reporter for the *Courier-Freeman*, the reigning Yankees—the old-line whaling and rum-trading families which regularly produced one Harvard professor, one state Governor and one well-bred alcoholic in each generation—had only begun to abdicate. Jostled from political control by their own Irish and Italian mill hands, they retreated to the banks and sulked. One by one they ran their family businesses into the ground, draining off profits and refusing to replace worn-out machines.

What bothers Tyler most about the regional ills and national ailments—the Depression, the rise of mass man and the industries that sustain him—is the change they work on the *Courier-Freeman*. When he first knew the paper, it was a respecta-

ble and fairly honest sheet that printed news without fear or favor, as editorials always put it. Then the *Courier's* owner died, and his nephew was finally forced to sell out to a West Coast moneyman. The paper passed from the control of a publisher who is also a businessman to that of a businessman who is only incidentally a publisher—the sort of change, the author clearly implies, that is responsible for much that is wrong with U.S. journalism. Before long, the *Courier* merged with its opposition paper, trimmed its payroll, cut down on news, started printing reams of comic strips and syndicated columns.

Author-Editor Hough (*Country Editor, Thoreau of Walden*) has published the *Vineyard Gazette* on Martha's Vineyard since 1920, and knows both New England and newspapering well enough to talk of them with fondness and disgust. He writes of a great American theme that Marquand treated more broadly in *The Late George Apley* and Santayana with more subtlety and depth in *The Last Puritan*. But Hough gives it the unique flavor of printer's ink and an old editor's green-eyeshaded wisdom. His novel, written in good journeyman's prose, is an effective polemic and an unsentimental elegy.

Worlds of Childhood

A LONG ROW TO HOE, by Billy C. Clark (233 pp.; Crowell; \$4.50), at first seems to tug too unashamedly at the reader's sympathies. In fact, this autobiographical sketch of a Kentucky boyhood is flecked by neither self-pity nor stuffiness, and its markings of American life are so authentic that a latter-day Mark Twain could reshape it without much trouble into a new *Huckleberry Finn*.

Billy Clark was born in 1928 near Catlettsburg, where the Big Sandy empties into the bigger Ohio. Father was a shoemaker and occasional fiddler, a fine man and poor provider who boasted that he had gone through the second grade. Mother washed other people's clothes with bleeding hands, but would spend her money on fortunetellers, and believed in spirits. In Billy's book, the four sisters are hardly seen or heard, but for the four boys the problem of life was simple: how to get enough to eat.

Billy's methods made the conventional odd jobs of Horatio Alger heroes seem sissified. He hung around barrooms waiting for drunks to come out fighting and perhaps lose some money for him to pick up; he parched stolen corn, swam to the Ohio shore and pushed back watermelons, set trotlines for catfish and trapped muskrats for the local doctor, who was an abortionist and fur dealer on the side. For a while he had as partner a deaf ex-moonshiner who had done a stretch in the pen, and from him he got a recipe for making corn likier that is one of the highlights of the book.

A Long Row to Hoe makes no mawkish attempt to glorify poverty, but it is crammed with woods lore and river-rat doings that Billy might well have missed



AUTOBIOGRAPHER CLARK
With Huck Finn's American markings.

had his family been prosperous; after all, few of the more sheltered boys got to know Mountain Mouse, the Hogarthian local whore. With a passionate hunger for education, Author Clark eventually made it to the University of Kentucky, is now a freelance writer. Far from trying to forget his boyhood miseries, he has dignified them through grit and awareness of the natural beauty around him.

THE PARATROOPER OF MECHANIC AVENUE, by Lester Goran (246 pp.; Houghton Mifflin; \$3.50), also tells of a tough childhood and of growing pains, but in fictional form and in a city world far removed from Billy Clark's Kentucky. The novel's central character is Ike-o Hartwell, who was born in a toilet in a Pittsburgh slum called Sobaski's Stairway. He grew up amid the neon glow of pawn shops and poolrooms on Mechanic Avenue, where the purple nights resounded to the clank and clatter of the streetcars, the prancing polkas from Souick's Social Hall, the plaintive hymns filtering from store-front churches. His huge, immobile mother and most of his neighbors were Poles, and there were street fights with encroaching waves of Jews, Italians, Syrians and Negroes. Young Ike-o served an apprenticeship as sneak thief, pimp, and hanger-on of Catfish Gedusky, a small-time politician, until the army drafted him before the start of the Korean war. Months later, he was out again on a dishonorable discharge, but dressed up as a paratrooper and claiming a hero's welcome back on Mechanic Avenue.

In this excellent first novel, Pittsburgh-born Author Goran ranges familiarly through the yawning tenements and squalid streets of his slum, and even drops an unsentimental tear when bulldozers in the 1950s level it to a field of bricks in preparation for the sterile rectangles of public housing. With the death of the slum, Goran makes an effort at redeeming his



AUTHOR-EDITOR HOUGH
With printer's ink in his veins.

unsavory hero; it does not quite come off, compared to the snarling realism and cool, street-corner observation that shapes the rest of this story of Ike-o's growing up. The raucous garbage heap of Sobaski's Stairway has been scraped off like a scab by the welfare state, but in this novel its aroma of gamy decay still hangs heavy on the Pittsburgh air.

Unfrail Mother

THE CHEERFUL DAY [242 pp.]—Nan Fairbrother—Knopf (\$4.50).

English Author Nan Fairbrother's books are minor prose poems in praise of practically nothing. Six years ago, in *An English Year*, she wrote with impressive charm about a stretch of living in the country. In her new book, she is back in the city, and she writes mainly about the business of keeping house in London for a doctor husband and two growing boys. The story runs uncomfortably close to the banalities of the women's magazines, and could have been a crashing bore. Instead, it is a sometimes placid but always graceful commentary on mothers and kids that few parents will find dull.

Author Fairbrother, like many a modern parent, suffers the nagging guilt that comes from failing to read books on bringing up children. Peter and John, her sons, may never know how lucky they were. For no book on child care spells out the formula for sensible parenthood that their mother contrived through natural kindness and a tough yet loving intelligence. She knows that children have troubles, but she also knows that parents should not pry into them too hard: "Their troubles are secret and not to be exposed to the alien air of adult reason." But unlike many women, she always stayed tuned to her sons' wave lengths. John was a happy extravert whose best crack was the observation that "God is a preacher who preaches to himself," while Peter was a grave student of life who at ten wrote an essay on "Frailty thy name is Woman": "I do not think that this is true. I do not think that a woman is frail. I think that she should be hard-working in the house while her husband goes and earns the living."

Hard-working and far from frail, their mother developed some notable pedagogic ideas. "I have always thought the bathroom best for informal entertainment," she reports, and in the bathroom she and the boys had some of their best talks. In a break with more advanced thought, she declares: "Sex, I think, is not one of the things that parents can help with . . . unless they are invited." Her way was to acquaint the boys with it through novels, "pictures, plays, poetry, sculpture" because sex will introduce them to the arts, and "so long as they become conscious of the arts it scarcely matters how." It is alarming to note that Father, busy with his patients, scarcely enters *The Cheerful Day*. But Mom shines and quietly dominates, a woman of taste and perception, as acute in describing the special character of London as she is in appreciating the pleasures and puzzlelements of boyhood.

The Duelists

TWENTIETH CENTURY PARODY [304 pp.]—Edited by Burling Lowrey—Harcourt, Brace (\$5.75).

Parody is the sincerest form of literary flattery and one of the highest forms of criticism. It must duel with the creator on his own ground, and when successful, is calculated to make the Cyrano de Bergeracs of the arts feel that it is not just their noses but their swords that are comic. The true parodist must do more than spoof superficial oddities and quirks of style; he must reach the deeper eccentricities of attitude, summon the author's familiar spirit and transform it into a Halloween mask.

Few of the pieces in this compilation meet this severe test. Even so, the book is very funny indeed, particularly when Paul

Dehn rewrites *Oklahoma!* in the Chekhov manner ("O what a beautiful mournin'") or when S. J. Perelman asks once again, "Odets where is thy sting?" and proves the superiority of one who knows that he is a clown to one who does not. College instructors should perhaps prescribe the book as esthetic therapy. Not that even today's sophomores are likely to lose their critical faculties over a ghost of the '30s like Clifford Odets; nor, as E. B. White proves in a one-page version of Somerset Maugham, is the jejune quality of the Old Party's dinner-jacketed one-upmanship likely to delude the young. The wonder is, *Twentieth Century Parody* suggests, that there has been so much style in the last 60 years to be worth parodying.

Deliberate Confusion. Parody shows its proudest paces when matched with the trend-setting writers. Thomas Wolfe's uncapped autobiographical gushes ("I, or

"I REMEMBERED SMITHERS . . ." A Parody Sampler

THE reader may test his own skill—and the parodist's—by matching the following paragraphs of parody with their originals. Among the targets, but in different order: Joseph Conrad, Theodore Dreiser, William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway, Aldous Huxley, Henry James, Jack Kerouac, Rudyard Kipling, Clifford Odets, J. D. Salinger. For the key to who's who, see p. 84.

1) It was with a sense of, a, for him, very memorable something that he peered now into the immediate future, and tried, not without compunction, to take that period up where he had, prospectively, left it. But just where the deuce had he left it?

2) Up East Division Street, on a hot day in late July, walked two men, one five feet four, the other, the taller of the two, five feet six, the first being two inches shorter than his more elongated companion, and consequently giving the appearance to passers-by on East Division Street, or, whenever the two reached a cross-street, to the passers-by on the cross-street, of being at least a good two inches shorter than the taller of the little group.

3) I got a belly full of stars, baby. You make me feel like I swallowed a Roman candle.

4) It was to be a long week-end, thought Giles Pentateuch apprehensively, as the n.n.ial staggered up the turret stairs with his luggage—staggered all the more consciously for the knowledge that he was under observation, just as, back in Lexham Gardens, his own tyrannical Amy would snort and groan outside the door to show how steep the back-stairs were, before entering with his simple vegetarian breakfast of stinkwort and boiled pond-weed.

5) No, that is how they cannot say, because they are Spaniards and Spaniards are not Americans and some would say they are not even ordinary people as you and I would think of ordinary people, because they are made of iron inside mixed up with their flesh and it is not straight iron or even a No. 2 iron but twisted by the fires that have burned in them for so long.

6) "Does any man come to the house to see your mother when I'm away, that you know of?" Thinking *I* were mocked, first by the old mammalian snare, then, snared by the final unilaterality of all flesh to which birth is given; not only not knowing when we may be cuckolded, but not even sure that in the veins of the very bantling we dandle does not flow the miscreant sniggering wayward blood.

7) I wrote it all up once as a theme in school, but my crummy teacher said it was too whimsical. Whimsical. That killed me. You got to meet her sometime, boy. She's a real queen.

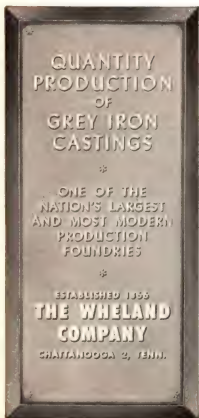
8) In his upturned eyes, and along the polished surface of his lean body black and immobile, the stars were reflected, creating the illusion of themselves who are illusions.

9) I remembered Smithers—well. As fine, upstanding, square-toed, bullet-headed, clean-living a son of a gun as ever perjured himself in the box. There was nothing of the softy about Smithers, I took off my billicock to Smithers' memory.

10) His scooter was out front, the selfsame, the nonpareil, with its paint scabbing off intricately and its scratched-on dirty words and its nuts and bolts chattering with fear, and I got my tricycle out of the garage, and he was off, his left foot kicking with that same insuperable energy.



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me, the youth eternal, many-visaged and many-volumed") are shown in all their wonderful but wobbly workings by Clifton Fadiman, whose irresistible caricature should make any further sheep think twice before they don Wolfe's clothing.

The case of William Faulkner is more baffling, since those involuted, parenthesis-clogged sentences at times make the greatest tragedian of modern U.S. letters seem barely literate. For an artist of Faulkner's high purpose, the canebrake confusion of manner can only be deliberate—an esthetic and philosophic ruse to exclude reason from the genetic and historical workings of man's fate. Peter De Vries's brilliant parody takes account of this and gives fair warning to those who attempt to write *Sartoris Resartus*; it may be easy to fake the Spanish moss but not the tree it grows on.

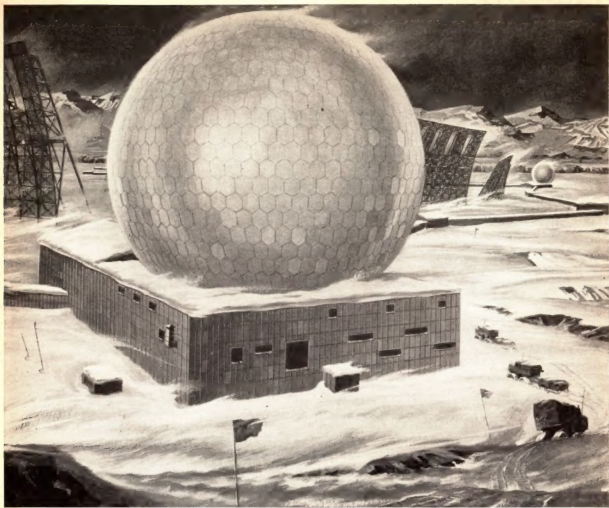
Fancy Needlework. Ernest Hemingway, unfortunate in that his vices have been imitated while his virtues remain his own, is perhaps most vulnerable of all to the parodist's *pic*. Under the muscular stoicism and the man-of-the-world expertise, there is a vein of provincial naïveté, and the celebrated bare style is really an elaborate piece of purl and plain knitting, learned in part from that fancy needlework artist, Gertrude Stein. Far from being economical, it is in fact more prolix than, say, Thomas Mann's high mandarin, a fact proved some years ago by parodists in the *New Statesman* and *Nation*, who vainly attempted to translate a passage from *Death in Venice* into 150 words of Hemingway. It could not be done.

Despite such opportunities, H. W. Hamemann's *A Farewell to Josephine's Arms* fails to wound the Hemingway bull, and Gilbert Highet's *Thou Tellest Me, Comrade* does only slightly better. Not included is Wolcott Gibbs's excellent re-doing of *Death in the Afternoon* with automobiles rather than bulls. In default of this, Hemingway remains master in his own arena; in *Across the River and into the Trees* he proved that he could be his own best parodist.

As Nathaniel Benchley might have pointed out in his perfunctory introduction, both the greatest writers and the worst deft parody; clever schoolboys discover this every year about Shakespeare. In a parody of James Jones, Peter De Vries demonstrates the corollary: you just can't keep down with the Joneses. The same is true of Robert Benchley's Dreiser, a skilled piece of bore-baiting, but one which leaves out of account the shambling power of the American tragedian tangled in his own ill-fitting language. It is like putting a paper hat on a shaggy dog.

PARODY SAMPLER KEY

The parodies on p. 83: 1) Max Beerbohm's *James*, 2) Robert Benchley's *Dreiser*, 3) S. J. Perelman's *Odier*, 4) Cyril Connolly's *Huxley*, 5) Gilbert Highet's *Hemingway*, 6) Peter De Vries's *Faulkner*, 7) Dan Greenberg's *Salingar*, 8) Beerbohm's *Conrad*, 9) Beerbohm's *Kipling*, 10) John Updike's *Kerouac*.



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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Elmer Gantry. Sinclair Lewis' notorious 1927 novel about a con man of religion, which is rich in the gusty flavor of tent-show evangelism. Burt Lancaster, Jean Simmons and Arthur Kennedy all have the time of their lives hitting the sawdust trail.

Psycho. Hitchcock's latest, though sometimes heavy-handed, is still a murderously magnificent Grand Guignol show.

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (French). The acknowledged New Wave masterpiece plunges two lovers into charred Hiroshima and reminds the audience—too slowly—that love and life go on even in the nightmare of death.

The Apartment. The often riotous plight of a junior executive whose too-convenient apartment is used by his amorous bosses for their affairs and by Producer-Director-Writer Billy Wilder to show off his cynically sentimental view of human nature.

Bells Are Ringing. A mediocre musical with a silly book is worth seeing only for the wonderfully talented Judy Holiday as the switchboard operator who hates her lonely private life, hopes to plug in on a receptive party.

TELEVISION

Wed., July 20

Music for a Summer Night (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). *The Legend of the Flying Dutchman* works in such old-salt airs as *Blow the Man Down* and *Santa Lucia*.

The United States Steel Hour (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Set in the Australian bush 100 years ago, *Shadow of a Pale Horse* falls on a murder trial. With Dan Duryea, Frank Lovejoy.

Sat., July 23

1960 P.G.A. Championship (CBS, 5-6 p.m.). The 42nd Professional Golfers' Association Championship, from Firestone Country Club, Akron, Ohio.

Republican Convention Preview (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Newsmen interview Republican leaders at Chicago International Amphitheater.

Convention City (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). ABC's convention previews, with John Daly.

Sun., July 24

College News Conference (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). Guest: Republican National Chairman Senator Thurston B. Morton.

Republican Convention Preview (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The CBS delegation wars up in the Chicago International Amphitheater.

Meet the Press (NBC, 6-7 p.m.). Guests: Richard Nixon, others.

These Are the Men (ABC, 7-7:30 p.m.). ABC's Bill Shadel interviews assorted Grand Old Politicians.

Mon., July 25

Republican Convention (All three networks start coverage from Chicago about 11 a.m. until lunchtime; they resume in the evening—ABC at 7, CBS at 7:30, NBC at 8 p.m.). Presentation of the plat-

form and keynote address by Walter H. Judd of Minnesota.

Tues., July 26

Republican Convention (ABC and CBS from 5 p.m., with a break from 7 to 8 p.m.; NBC from 8:30 p.m.).

THEATER

On Broadway

Bye Bye Birdie. Director Gower Champion's fresh and frantic musical about an Elvis-type crooner swings through the evening like a pendulum gone wild.

Fiorello! The early, whirly career of New York's colorful Mayor La Guardia (Tom Bosley) makes delightful musical theater.

The Miracle Worker. Superb performances by Patty Duke and Anne Bancroft as the deaf-blind child Helen Keller and her teacher Annie Sullivan.

The Tenth Man. Paddy Chayefsky's play—intellectually deficient but emotionally valid—about the fight to save a young girl's soul from an evil spirit.

Toys in the Attic. A savage investigation into the case of a ne'er-do-well (Jason Robards Jr.) who makes a sudden fortune and of the three women who do their best to ruin him, all in the name of love.

West Side Story. Romeo and Juliet in the asphalt jungle.

Off Broadway

The Prodigal. Playwright Jack Richardson boldly appropriates the grim material of Greek tragedy, skillfully turns Orestes into a mocking modern man.

Little Mary Sunshine. Off-Broadway's biggest hit, a musical parody of the sugar-glazed operettas of yesteryear.

Measure for Measure. Open-air Shakespeare in Manhattan's Central Park.

Straw Hat

Laconia-Glendale, N.H., Lakes Region Playhouse: Henry Morgan puts the *Accent on Youth*.

Framingham, Mass., Carousel Theater: Ginger Rogers in *Annie Get Your Gun*.

Westport, Conn., Country Playhouse: Hans Conried in a new play by Arthur Watkyn, *Not in the Book*.

East Hampton, L.I., John Drew Theater: Jeffrey Lynn and Lee Grant balancing on William Gibson's *Two for the Seesaw*.

Jones Beach, L.I., Marine Theater: The summer-long sailor spree, *Hit the Deck*, with Gene Nelson, Jane Kean, Betty Ann Grove, Jules Munshin.

Andover, N.J., Grist Mill Playhouse: Betsy Palmer in a new play by Lesley Storm, *Roar Like a Dove*.

Millburn, N.J., Paper Mill Playhouse: A new play by Kieran Tunney, *Royal Enclosure*, with Celeste Holm and Cathleen Nesbitt.

New Hope, Pa., Bucks County Playhouse: Shelley Berman joins Francis Reid and Philip Bourneuf in a new play, *The Mirror Under the Eagle*.

Southfield, Mich., Northland Playhouse: Tony Randall, one of Hollywood's best younger comedians, in *Goodbye Again*.

Dallas, Texas, State Fair Musicals: *Redhead*, with Dancer Taina Elg in the Gwen Verdon part.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Mani, by Patrick Leigh Fermor. A memorable portrait of the enduring people who inhabit Greece's Peloponnese, a sort of mythical rock garden of the gods.

Dictionary of American Slang, compiled by Harold Wentworth and Stuart Berg Flexner. A handy compendium of berserk English, from Abe's cabbie to zoology.

Collected Poems, by Lawrence Durrell. The novelist who wrote the impressive Alexandria tetralogy—*Justine*, *Balthazar*, *Mountolive* and *Clea*—makes his appearance as a poet with technical flash and soaring imagery.

When the Kissing Had to Stop, by Constantine Fitzgibbon. A piece of political science fiction about how England turns into a Soviet satellite, the book chillingly denies the proposition that Britons never, never, never will be slaves.

Thomas Wolfe, by Elizabeth Nowell. A vigorous if repetitive biography of the undisciplined American Conrad who lived, loved and wrote to excess, and overflows his own portrait's frame.

Merry Monarch, by Hesketh Pearson. A witty, partisan study of Charles II, who, often dismissed as a libertine and a fool, is here assessed as "the sanest and most civilized of monarchs."

Daughters and Rebels, by Jessica Mitford. An often touching, entertaining account of the famed Mitford sisters, who loved too unwisely and too well, both in personal and political affairs.

Felix Frankfurter Reminiscences, recorded in talks with Dr. Harlan B. Phillips. Off the bench, the famed jurist is a refreshing, verbally wicked man who rambles on about Presidents, Cabinet members, journalists, as well as about life and law, both of which he loves.

Art and Arzoyol, by William Schack. An absorbing, unmalicious study of Albert Barnes whose dung-heap humor and mercurial temper—no less than his art collection—made him a legend.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Hawaii**, Michener (3)*
2. **The Leopard**, Di Lampedusa (2)
3. **Advise and Consent**, Drury (1)
4. **The Chapman Report**, Wallace (4)
5. **The Affair**, Snow (6)
6. **The Lincoln Lords**, Hawley
7. **Water of Life**, Robinson
8. **The Constant Image**, Davenport (7)
9. **The View from the Fortieth Floor**, White (5)
10. **Set This House on Fire**, Styron

NONFICTION

1. **Born Free**, Adamson (1)
2. **May This House Be Safe from Tigers**, King (2)
3. **Folk Medicine**, Jarvis (3)
4. **I Kid You Not**, Parr (4)
5. **Mr. Citizen**, Truman (9)
6. **Felix Frankfurter Reminiscences**, Frankfurter with Phillips (5)
7. **The Night They Burned the Mountain**, Dooley (7)
8. **The Good Years**, Lord
9. **The Conscience of a Conservative**, Goldwater (6)
10. **The Enemy Within**, Kennedy (8)

* Position on last week's list.



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